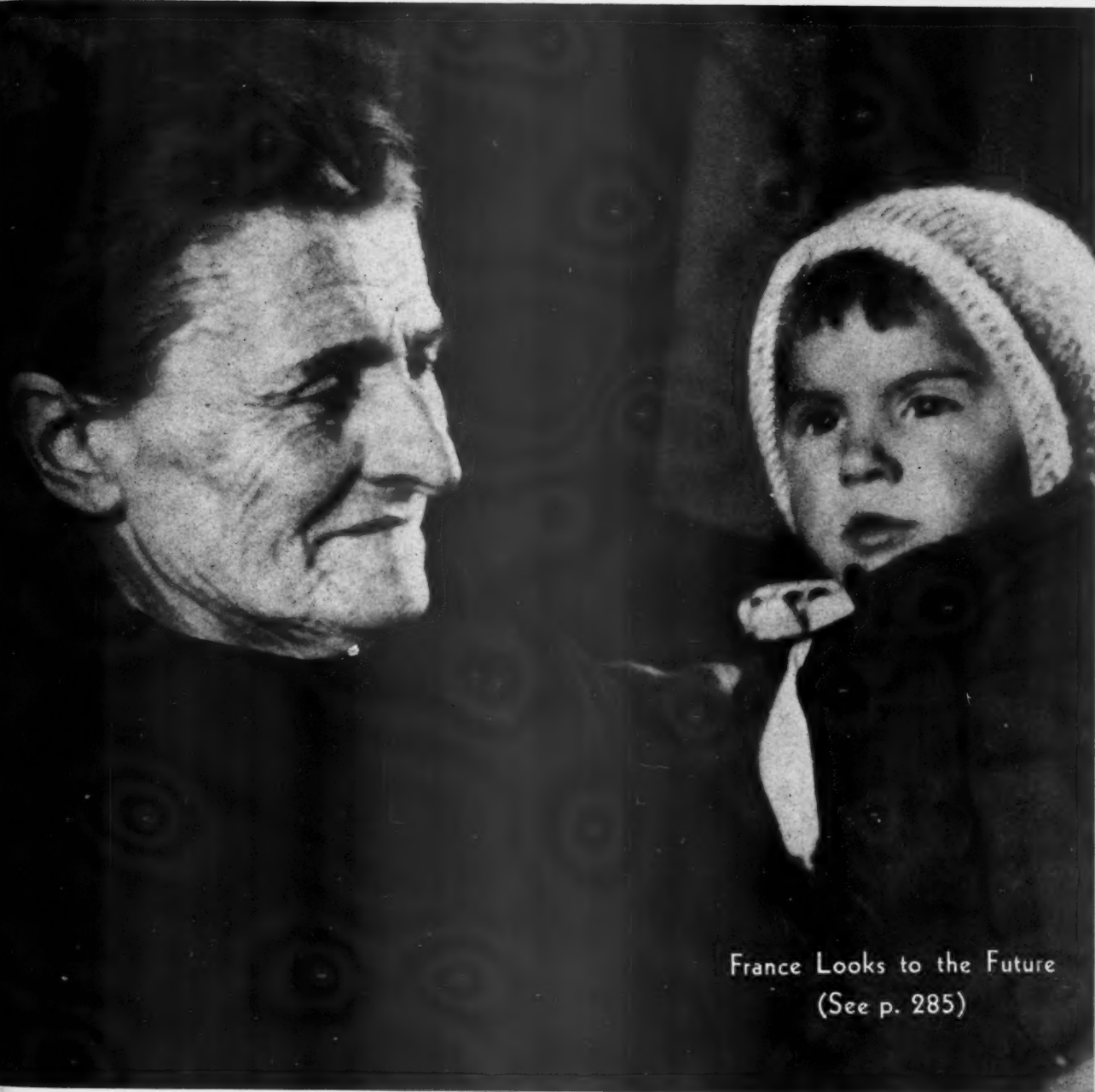


THE *Sign*



France Looks to the Future
(See p. 285)



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Personal Mention

► A new series of articles treating of the Sacred Passion of Christ begins with this issue. The author, Rev. Augustine Paul Hennessy, C.P., is a native of Philadelphia. He attended the parochial schools and West Catholic High School in that city. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1941. He is at present in residence at Catholic University writing his doctoral dissertation.



► Edwin Lahey began his newspaper career as editor and publisher of a Chicago suburban weekly and "worked his way down." He is now a reporter and columnist for the *Chicago Daily News* in its Washington office. He was one of the nine newspapermen chosen for the first Nieman fellowship at Harvard.

► Eugene Schrott was born in Roselle Park, N. J., lived for a short while in Oslo, Norway, graduated from the University of Alabama, and began a diversified career; worked on Wall Street, forsook finance to accept work in the music publication business, from there to assistant editorship of one of the leading Macfadden publications, and thence to free-lance writing, three years of it in Hollywood and currently from his home in Freehold, N. J.

► Well known in France as a journalist and as the Chief of Cabinet in the Ministry of Information before the French-German Armistice, Robert de Saint Jean has come to the United States recently as Director of the French News Agency in North America. In France in 1934 he wrote the book *La Vraie Révolution du Président Roosevelt* which won the Strassburger prize. His war diary was translated into English under the title *France Speaking*.



► Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., widely known as a writer and lecturer on economic subjects, is Professor of Sociology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. A native of Glens Falls, N. Y., he attended Holy Cross College, and received his doctorate from Catholic University.

THE Sign



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CONTENTS

January 1945

ARTICLES

FRANCE LIVES AGAIN.....	Robert de Saint Jean	285
AND THE ANGEL TOOK OVER.....	Gerard M. Murray	288
LABOR'S GIFT TO GOVERNMENT.....	Edwin Lahey	291
THE MASTERFUL WORKMAN.....	Augustine Paul Hennessy, C.P.	293
COMPULSORY G.I. TRAINING?.....	John C. O'Brien	301
YOU PAY THE TAXES.....	John F. Cronin, S.S.	311
CAUTIOUS ANALYST.....	John Wynne	315
MODERN MIRACLE.....	Eugene Schrott	318

SHORT STORIES

THE PRIVATE EYE.....	Brassil Fitzgerald	296
THE OLD RULE.....	Courtenay Savage	320

EDITORIALS

SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE PEACE.....	Ralph Gorman, C.P.	282
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....		283

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

ROSIE.....	Caspar Caulfield, C.P.	304
VALIANT WOMAN OF CHINA.....	Sister Teresa Miriam	306

FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL MENTION.....		281
WOMAN TO WOMAN.....	Katherine Burton	295
STAGE AND SCREEN.....	Jerry Cotter	308
SUCH AS HE—Poem.....	Helen Olsen	312
CATEGORICA.....		313
A PRIEST TO HIS MOTHER—Poem.....	Raymond F. Roseliep	322
THE ACOLYTES—Poem.....	St. Mary St. Virginia, B.V.M.	322
SIGN POST: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.....		323
LETTERS.....		326
BOOKS.....		329
FICTION IN FOCUS.....	John S. Kennedy	335

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Vol. 24 - No. 6

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Editorial

Soviet Russia And The Peace

IN their magnificent program for peace, the Archbishops and Bishops of the Administrative Board, N. C. W. C., declared: "There is an international community of Nations. God Himself has made nations interdependent for their full life and growth. It is not therefore a question of creating an international community but of organizing it."

The work of organizing the international community into a United Nations security organization has made some progress but, sad to say, most of this progress has been made on paper. The great nations, the ones upon whom any security organization must depend, are farther apart now than they were a year ago. The reason for this is to be found in the policy being followed by Soviet Russia.

If a security organization has any use at all, it is to settle disputes between nations. Soviet Russia, however, insists on the right of making unilateral decisions whenever her own interests are concerned. She has done this in the case of Finland, Poland, the Baltic States, and Bulgaria.

THE idea of collective security lies at the very foundation of a United Nations security organization. This is clearly evident from the plans drawn up at Dumbarton Oaks. While accepting collective security in theory, Soviet Russia rejects it in practice. She is setting up her own security sphere by insisting on what she calls "friendly governments," but which are in reality puppet governments, on her borders. By this means and by alliances she has set up a bloc of nations under her domination in Eastern Europe.

The inevitable result is that Britain is following Russia in deserting the idea of collective security, and to maintain the balance of power she is attempting to form a western bloc. The smaller nations of Europe are faced with the necessity of attaching themselves either to Russia or Britain, and the choice will be determined by geography rather than by inclination.

Soviet Russia showed her hand at Dumbarton Oaks when, in effect, she demanded the right to sit in judgment on her own case and to veto any action that might be taken against her. If Russia's will prevails in this matter, the peace organization will be devoid of any real power—except over smaller nations. If

such an organization had existed since 1933, Hitler could have joined it and committed all his acts of aggression with impunity.

NO matter how perfect the mechanical structure of the peace organization, it will never succeed unless there is a willing spirit of co-operation on the part of the members. Soviet Russia, up to the present, has shown a signal lack of this spirit. She refused to participate in the recent international air parley at Chicago; she maintains a threatening attitude toward Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, and Iran; she maintains friendly relations with Japan, although she slapped her wrist lightly by calling her an "aggressive" nation; and she does nothing to bring the Chinese Communists into the war against Japan.

EVEN more serious than all this are the Communist attempts to seize power in the liberated countries of Europe. The Comintern may be dead, but its spirit and purposes live on. There has been too much resemblance between Communist attempts to gain power in Belgium, France, Italy, and Greece to doubt that the inspiration and direction come from the same source.

Admiration for the heroic part Soviet Russia has played in the war should not blind the American people to the fact that the Reds are building their own system of security outside the United Nations security organization, that they are doing it independently of their allies, and that they are using all the old and timeworn devices of power politics, spheres of influence, rival blocs, military alliances, balance of power, intimidation, interference in the internal affairs of other nations, and downright military conquest.

If Soviet Russia continues on her present course, the outlook for lasting peace is dark indeed. We can only hope and pray that her leaders may come to realize that her own security as well as world peace demand a change of policy.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THE first inkling that anything like compulsory military training in peacetime would come under serious consideration was first rumored last August. In September, General George C.

Compulsory Peacetime Military Service

Marshall, Chief of Staff, made such a proposal to Congress. Since then weighty arguments have been advanced pro and con; men and groups who command respect have taken sides. At the time the subject was first broached, the editorial stand taken by this magazine was against the adoption of such a proposal as being untimely and unnecessary and therefore undesirable. The reasons we gave were, in summary, that, though it is argued compulsory military training is necessary for maintaining peace and security, as a matter of fact the experience of Europe proves the contrary—it has bred wars; it is an innovation in American life fraught with so much danger that other less drastic means to insure peace should be sought first. As an alternative to universal conscription we urged the expansion of our peacetime military forces on a voluntary recruitment basis made more attractive than has been true in the past.

We have found no reason to change our views. Rather a new element has entered that should make us most cautious, and that is the attempt to push this thing through in a great hurry. We should not be stampeded into adopting universal military service for peacetime until the need for it has been demonstrated and the nature of it defined. Certainly the President's reference to an awful lot of boys who had never been taught to brush their teeth, and an awful lot who had never been taught to live with men in a camp demonstrates neither the nature nor the need of such training!

Although it is not intrinsic to the argument for or against, still this is a consideration that does throw light; does it not seem strange that so much emphasis is given to the need for universal military service at the very time we are discussing insurance plans to prevent future wars? We speak of an international police force to prevent wars. Either we do or we don't believe such a police force can prevent war. If we do, why military service? If we don't, why a police force? Surely it would be inane for a municipality to trust so little the efficacy of its police force as to legislate that citizens should carry guns!

Another question: if we have universal military conscription, is Great Britain to do the same? And Russia? And France? And China and all the Allied nations little and big? Is all the world to be trained for war on the plea that all the world desperately wants peace? To get back to the police force: it's going to have to be quite a force if it is to stamp out wars among strong nations wholly prepared for war!

The time may come in the postwar world when we shall need universal military service. Until that time comes and until that need is demonstrable, we submit that it is unwise for the United States to take the initiative in a step that will then be duplicated by other nations. That would be to earn for ourselves the questionable distinction of having launched a new armaments race. Rather would we see the power of America used to effect a uni-

versal reduction in the burden of armaments under the safeguard of a league of nations empowered to enforce the keeping of the peace.

If there is anything we can be sure of, it is that a convention of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ will always be an occasion for an attack on the Catholic Church. The latest meeting was more occupied than usual with drawing up complaints about the Church. One non-Catholic reports as follows on what seems to have been the

Federal Council of Churches

main activity of the guiding spirits of the convention: "We took the Pope, the Hierarchy, and the Vatican over the coals. The Church in the United States, South America, Spain, Portugal, the Catholic chaplains, and many other matters drew our darts."

Such narrow and un-Christian activities are bad enough at all times but they are no less than tragic at this time of world crisis. When the whole world is aflame with the most terrible war in history, when our own country is so deeply involved, when Catholics as always are dedicating their energies and sacrificing their lives to make sure of the final victory, when God and Christianity are so widely attacked, it seems strange, to say the least, that so much time was devoted to reviving the spirit of Know-Nothingism and the Ku Klux Klan. In doing so the Federal Council of Churches is guilty of a great disservice to America and to Christianity.

We do not want our readers to believe that this particular organization speaks for all Protestants in America. Notwithstanding its title and the publicity given its meetings, it represents only a minority of Protestant churches and a very small percentage of the non-Catholic laity. Undoubtedly there are great numbers of fair-minded non-Catholic Christians who are embarrassed by the unfortunate attitude of the Federal Council of Churches. These devout Protestants are aware that there are many moral problems in our nation needing attention and other problems affecting Protestant churches as such which could have well occupied the attention of the convention.

The last major act of Mr. Edward R. Stettinius Jr. as Under Secretary of State was to announce: "This Government's traditional policy of not guaranteeing specific frontiers of Europe is well known"—an announcement

It Is All Very Confusing

that torpedoed Polish hopes of United States help in solving their plight over the Curzon Line issue. Whether traditional policy or not, some with long memories—one needs a good memory in these days of kaleidoscopic policies and swift-happening events—recall that at Teheran our policy was somewhat different. Didn't the President guarantee the specific frontiers of Iran? Not that there were any vital interests or moral principles involved, so far as the average American was aware, that should prompt us to desire to underwrite Iranian boundaries. Certainly, there was no popular sentiment in the matter. Yet Iran

obtained what our "traditional" policy denies to Poland. It is all very confusing.

The first major act of Mr. Edward R. Stettinius Jr. as Secretary of State was to issue another announcement, the celebrated statement of United States policy that liberated territories should "work out their problems of government along democratic lines without influence from the outside." As a piece of headline diplomacy, its repercussions have been violent and long; its effect has been to give the semblance of a public quarrel between Great Britain and the United States. For its timing seemed calculated to rebuke Britain not only for her interference in Italy over Count Sforza, but also for her efforts to prevent a Communist *coup d'état* in Greece.

People with long memories will rack their brains in vain if they are trying to recall any announcement of policy from the State Department timed to remind the Soviet of our position when Russia set up the puppet Polish government in Lublin and refused to have anything to do with the legitimate government both London and Washington still recognize. It would seem that Russian action right along would fit the formula "influence from the outside." Not only in Poland, but in Rumania, Yugoslavia, and most of all in Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania. It is all very confusing indeed.

In more recent history, it may occur to some to wonder just what we would call our own Government's course of action in regard to Argentina. The pressure we are still trying to bring to bear on the Farrell regime to effect its overthrow would seem also to fit the formula "influence from the outside." But then, some may quibble and say Mr. Stettinius was referring only to liberated territories. We still say, it is all very confusing. Like the Russians' refusal to attend the air parley in Chicago because certain neutrals were invited, coupled with the Russian agreement to attend the labor conference in London to which the same neutrals were invited. Or our own extreme criticism of South American countries who were slow to break relations with the Axis, while even yet not a breath of official criticism is discernible over Russia's never having severed relations with Japan.

THE truth of the matter is, of course, that there will continue to be this confusion and double standard of action until such time as our own foreign policy is definitely, consistently, and publicly based on principles and correlated with the political aims of our allies. If the State Department has a foreign policy toward postwar Europe, including the disposition of Germany, the settlement of the Polish question, the fate of the Baltic nations, the status of Italy, and the disposition of the Balkans, the time for stating it is long overdue. To defer longer is to be confronted with an even greater series of *faits accomplis* that render any statement of principles obsolete and ineffectual before it can be enunciated.

Talk and hopes of a world organization for peace are nebulous at best so long as even two of the three major Allies cannot agree politically even while still united militarily in prosecuting the war. Questions arise daily that will not await an international organization for solution. Until such an organization is functioning effectively, in the interim of no political agreement among the Big Three there is bound to be jockeying for position in Europe. England will hardly stand by while Soviet influence thrives and spreads. Mr. Churchill did not become the King's first minister to preside over a British monopoly of mere idealism.

The American people who are giving so generously and so unquestioningly of their blood and their sweat and their treasure in the fighting of this war deserve better of their servants in government. It is to be hoped that the reorganized Department of State will dust off a copy of the Atlantic Charter and with its principles as a basis formulate and make known just what our foreign policy is.

For some time we had been optimistic about Mexico. We are still optimistic about the Mexican people. A recent incident, however, stirs concern with reference to some of Mexico's leaders.

God and Mexico

President of the Chamber of Deputies, Dr. Ahumada, when making a reply to the annual message from the President of Mexico, remarked: "There is no

nobler task or one fuller of responsibility to God and man than that of forming the destiny of one's country."

One would think that no objection could be taken to such a statement, yet objection was taken. What was wrong? The name of God had been mentioned. A Senator, who is a member of the Mexican Workers Confederation, asserted that Dr. Ahumada had no right to mention God in the Congress where some members were not believers.

During his talk Dr. Ahumada made an attack upon the lack of democracy in Mexico and demanded the abandonment of the one-party political control now in force in Mexico. This attack later led to his removal as President of the Chamber of Deputies. We do not know whether Dr. Ahumada linked up democracy with belief in God, but if he did not he should have done so. The two go hand in hand.

Let us hope that Dr. Ahumada's expression of religious belief and his demand for political reform mark the beginning of a national movement against the totalitarianism of the Party of the Mexican Revolution. If it does we can be hopeful for the dawn of a new era for Mexico when both the rights of God and the rights of man will be respected. Not until those rights are recognized and respected can there be "under God . . . a new birth of freedom."

WHEN Shakespeare said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, he was giving striking utterance to a rather commonplace fact, the fact that names are purely arbitrary devices.

Every Tongue Should Confess

There is no intrinsic reason why a rose should not have been called a daisy, or a mouse a hippopotamus. Names are merely identification tags the human mind

attaches to persons, places, and things. But there is one name of which this is not true. There is one name that never belonged to any person to conceive or bestow. From the beginning of eternity, before time was, it had been decreed in the eternal councils of the Trinity that the Son of God should be called "Jesus" when He should walk the earth as the Son of man. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

We call it the Sacred Name, this human name of the Son of God. For as St. Paul wrote, "God hath given Him the name that is above every name, so that at the name of Jesus every knee should bend of those in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."

One can walk down almost any busy city street, and he will be sure to hear the name of Jesus. But there is precious little bending of knees! One can pick up almost any of the recent war books, and the name of Jesus will be found used liberally as a mere expletive, a realistic recording of profanity. (And profanity, it must be remembered, is still profanity even though spelled phonetically.) There is little evidence in the trend modern literature is taking that tongues are confessing that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father!

The second of January is the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. Perhaps among the New Year's resolutions so many make it would be well to include the resolve to reverence the Sacred Name not only on January 2 but throughout the year and throughout one's life. After all, "there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved."

Fr

France Lives Again

After four years of oppression
France begins to live again
as a great and free nation

By ROBERT DE SAINT JEAN



Black Star

General de Gaulle, symbol of the resurrection of France

ONE of the leaders of the French Resistance Movement said to me in Paris, at the beginning of September last: "Imagine one of our compatriots going to sleep at the outset of this war on September 1, 1939, and waking up today. You must admit he would find it quite hard to understand the situation in the new France!" These words often come back to my mind, and bring a realization that the France of today must be more difficult than ever for a stranger to understand.

As a matter of fact, what do we see in the France that has been liberated after four years of oppression? A series of contrasts, a mixture of old and brand-new things. . . .

Newspapers give daily information on conditions in France since the Germans have gone. There is a devastated region (the northern part of Normandy) with six hundred thousand persons homeless. Several major French ports are still occupied by the Germans, and more than one hundred thousand enemy soldiers continue to keep us out of Calais, Lorient, La Palice, La Pointe de Grave, etc. The liberated ports are nothing but a mass of ruins, such as Le Havre (where the Germans sank 160 ships and destroyed 280 cranes out of a total of 288), Brest, or Marseilles where more than twenty kilometers of wharves have been systematically demolished. The German plan, which was very methodical, has been unfortunately carried out: to destroy French ports in order to prevent the Allies from supplying arms and ammunition to their troops, and to weaken as much as possible the economic potentialities of France in the postwar world.

Due to an extreme shortage of locomotives (only 2800 are available out of a total of 11,800 available before the war), the railroad system in France is in a very poor condition. "The lack of railways and trucks," recently observed France's Minister of Labor, "is the main obstacle to our industrial recovery. Without transportation we cannot clear away the wreckage left by the war, and we cannot use our unemployed workers in the armaments industry. The same impediments affecting industry in general also apply to the armaments industry, now in need of new machinery which we do not possess. . . ." The result is involuntary unemployment in a country where all the available manpower would still be insufficient for all the reconstruction jobs in sight.

Second in rank comes the problem of heating, which cruelly affects the life of Parisians. As far as food supply is concerned, there has been some improvement in the surroundings of Paris, thanks mostly to truck convoys immediately organized by the American authorities, but conditions in and around the metropolis are still far from normal.

Liberated France has turned out to be a France nearly paralyzed. And in human terms it has turned out also to be a shaken France. Four years of undernourishment, according to a study made by the Ministry of Health, resulted in 70 per cent of the children being in an abnormal state of health. This means that their stature or weight is substandard for their age, that they suffer from rickets or tuberculosis, or that they are nervous wrecks. Tuberculosis has made ravages especially among young people, from eighteen to twenty years old. Almost everyone, as a matter of fact, has lost weight and the ability to resist disease. In several hospitals, indispensable pharmaceutical products are still missing (quinine, morphine, camphor) as well as hospital beds.

Natural resources of the country have also dwindled after four

years of occupation, during which France paid out to the Germans 860 billion francs. When one returns to France today, one has the impression of going back to several decades ago, as far as material wealth is concerned. No more automobiles, only bicycles. No more gasoline, only odd mixtures which serve as substitutes. Side by side with electricity, one sees the most outmoded lighting systems. No more hot water, no more coal, very little wood. No more warm clothing except that which was already possessed. Very few evenings out and very few theaters but more fireside gatherings and more time for reading.

In the realm of government the changes are equally startling. Today France is ruled by the G.P.R.F., i.e. the *Gouvernement Provisoire de la République Française* (Provisional Government of the French Republic). Many traits distinguish this government from that of the Third Republic. It does not represent the will of a majority of congressmen elected by the people; it cannot be overthrown by an Assembly. And yet its nature is essentially provisional. Moreover, the head of the state and the head of the government are here one and the same person, and he is not a civilian but a general of the army.

The first two salient features of this government are easy enough to explain. General elections cannot take place in France as long as nearly three million Frenchmen, that is, approximately 7 per cent of the population, remain in Germany (prisoners, workers, hostages, etc.).

However, this government has refused to carry on without an assembly, and has refused also to take on its duties under any other name but that of Provisional. Why? Because it knows that the wish of the immense majority of the people is to see the by-laws of the Republic respected, in one way or another. During the occupa-

tion, three characteristics have become noticeable in the attitude of the people of France: their hate of the occupants, their adherence to the principles of the slogan *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, and their Gaulism.

I should like, in this respect, to mention a document which has never been published and which relates the attitude of the French shortly before the landing of the Allies in Normandy. It is an underground study made by the "Statistics and Investigation Committee" of the Resistance on this question: "Are you in favor of seeing, after the war, General de Gaulle at the helm of public affairs in France?" This was not a propaganda affair, since the document was never intended for publication. The members of the Resistance merely wanted to obtain information.

When asked this question, 69 per cent replied in the affirmative, whereas 19 per cent answered: "No," and 12 per cent were undecided.

The government set up by General de Gaulle in Paris, on September 10, follows two principles: Resemble as much as possible a government of the "Third Republic"; include new men in the government, thereby forming a government of the "Fourth Republic."

If we analyze the "chemical contents" of this government, we find that it includes moderate members, Socialists, Communists (two members: the Minister of Aviation, Charles Tillon, and the Minister of Health, François Billoux), and four Christian Democrats. The Radical-Socialists (the main political party of the Third Republic) are barely represented. Why? Because the new ministry does not intend to follow the usual rules of parliamentary dosage but to reflect the various shades of the resistance groups.

The Communists have been included in the new government since they played an important role in the Resistance. The Christian Democrats have a greater number of representatives than their relative importance in the country would warrant, but this is due, also, to their major role in the Resistance.

However, besides members of the Interior Resistance Movement, we find representatives from the Algiers committee, which some men from the Resistance had joined when reaching Algiers in 1943.

As for the Consultative Assembly, at the present time, there are 248 deputies sitting in Paris, but they are not deputies in the ordinary sense of the word. They have been chosen, *not by the government*, but by a series of representative groups.

Of the former parliament—the last parliament elected by the people—only sixty members are left, the others having been disqualified by their attitude on July 10, 1940. All other deputies now making up the 1944 Assembly have been chosen by the innumerable groups who joined hands in the Resistance.

But, what is the Resistance?

The Resistance Movement was born, if one may so say, in two different places: within the old parties existing traditionally in the prewar republic, and within completely new set-ups established to resist Germany and including Frenchmen from all walks of life and from every shade of opinion.

For example: there were Socialists who "resisted" as old Socialists; and there were Socialists who co-operated with the village priest and with the farmer to form a center of Resistance in their district.

When the main forces of the Resistance united their efforts, for the first time, in 1943, the hybrid aspect of the movement was shown in full light. A Frenchman, sent from London to France by parachute,

French girls give a rousing welcome to French troops of the FFI as they pass through the streets of Dijon



Fighting with the Allied Armies of Liberation, this French soldier has the happiness of meeting his parents



Room Service!

▶ A prominent railroad man hurried through the lobby of a Binghamton hotel and up to the desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill and reach the station. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had forgotten something.

"Here, boy," he called to the bellboy, "run up to 48 and see if I left a box on the bureau. And be quick about it, will you?"

The boy rushed up the stairs. The ten minutes dwindled to seven and the railroad man paced the office. Finally the boy appeared.

"Yas, suh," he panted breathlessly. "Yas, suh, yo' left it, suh."

and charged with centralizing all these different groups, told me that the task required long preparation. They finally settled on the following formula which seemed equitable: eight new Resistance groups, properly so-called, and eight old groups representing the parties of yesterday collaborating in the Resistance.

The main political problem now existing in France is the following: When election day comes around, will the French people vote for such and such an old party's candidate, or for a candidate who will simply say: "I was a leader of the Resistance?"

Members of the Resistance Movement will no doubt enjoy the prestige which accompanied their heroic feats. Their only drawbacks are their lack of political experience and the fact that they are not co-ordinated in their aims.

Why do they not act as a whole? Because then it would mean deciding how much importance should be given the Communists. A great many persons wish to admit the presence of Communists because of the role these latter played in the Resistance, but at the same time, they fear that the Communists would monopolize the unified group of which they would be a member.

The Communists recommend this co-ordination of Resistance groups for a very simple reason: they know that at the election booths they, alone, will not be able to gather more than a minority of the votes. The trial of elections is feared by the Communists, for then the importance of their party will be reduced to its just proportions, that is, to a qualitative force (energy, initiative, direct action) rather than to a quantitative power.

By announcing municipal elections for February 1, the Government of France has taken a decision which will allow us to ascertain whether, as careful observers of French political life claim, the Communists have really made smaller gains than is generally believed.

Since September 10, the French Government has had to face three difficult problems: the problems of the incorporation of the French Forces of the Interior, the problem of nationalizing some indus-

tries, and the problem of deciding what direction foreign policy should take.

At the end of October, the Council of Ministers, on the suggestion of the Minister of the Interior, Adrien Tixier, (a Socialist), adopted three important decisions: it resolved to put into effect and to execute the "laws and regulations of the Republic on the carrying of arms and on the possession of war weapons"; it declared illegal all searches and arrests made by any group other than representatives of the legal authorities; finally, it proclaimed that the Ministry of War would establish immediately military camps where young men, belonging to patriotic Resistance groups, could be trained. These measures stirred up agitation for a couple of days. On November 1, however, the National Council of Resistance, while still critical, "declared itself ready to agree with the Ministry of the Interior on the legal status of patriotic Resistance groups . . ." etc. The Communists rejected those measures taken by the Government, while General de Gaulle used all his authority to back up their approval. However, the two Communist members of the government did not resign.

Several days later, on November 12, the National Congress of the Socialist Party ended its discussions. This received hardly any mention outside of France, although the event is certainly important, since the Socialist Party has appropriated the role which the Radical-Socialist party played in the past: it is the most important governmental and reformist party in France. In a resolution voted on November 12, the Socialists proclaimed that "Only Socialism will free man and the state through the abolition of trusts and the capitalistic system. Our Party declares that all reforms are impossible unless the main channels of industry become state-owned. . . ." What is one to gather from all this?

Three days later, on November 15, the Renault plants were confiscated by the state. (These plants which, before the war, were among the most important in the automobile industry, employed more than thirty thousand workers and showed an annual production of nearly two billion

francs.) The government decided to nationalize all the mines in the northern part of France. Odd as it may seem, these measures were taken without any protest from the right wing press; the Archbishop of Paris, Msgr. Suhard, emphasized later the necessity for profound social changes. A great French industrialist like Mr. Mercier, who represented France at the International Business Conference in Rye recently, declared that first of all he considered these measures as a Frenchman, and that he thought it was his duty to accept them.

Let us note, on the other hand, that though the general manager of those mines will be appointed by the Government in the future, the mines nevertheless will remain commercial corporations and will not be managed as state industries. Profits will be divided between the state, the staff of these corporations, and social security organizations. The former owners of the mines will receive an indemnity.

The problem of French foreign policy came to the fore, very acutely, during the fall season, under two aspects: what attitude to adopt toward Spain and what toward the bloc policy.

On the first, the Government stalled for a while to consider a most delicate situation a little longer. On the second, the Government made known its intentions, without any hesitation, in a speech given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Georges Bidault, some time before General de Gaulle's trip to Moscow. In his speech, Mr. Bidault let it be understood that, at the time of Mr. Churchill's visit to Paris, France had not adhered to the idea of an "occidental bloc." He specified that France, being in need of allies in the east as well as in the west, could not afford to side deliberately with one bloc, which might be considered as hostile to another great power.

What is most striking in the activities of the French Provisional Government, is the proof it has given of political wisdom.

One cannot deny that this success is due first of all to General de Gaulle, who, contrary to what has been so often repeated, does not lack a political flair. Above all he is a cautious man who tries to clarify problems and to forecast as closely as possible what the future holds. Since he is the son of a philosophy professor, he profits by his heredity, at the same time letting his peculiar seriousness of demeanor reflect the influence of a Catholic education. "If I had to describe him in a few words," said someone who worked with him for a long time, "I would say he is a philosopher in action." This explains, no doubt, why, as far as General de Gaulle is concerned, men are much less important than problems, and Frenchmen themselves much less important than France.



Brother Seraphim and his friendly Guardian Angel as they appeared in the Blackfriars production (above) and in the Broadway presentation (right) of "Career Angel"



—And the Angel Took Over

THIS is the story of an angel, a guardian angel to be exact, a guardian angel who "crashed" the alternately garish and resplendent, sophisticated and naïve, artistic and pretentious theatrical milieu we call Broadway.

An angel should write this story. But angels don't write. Ghosts do, they tell me. Perhaps I should look into that. Angels certainly do not. Angels have neither the physical apparatus nor the inherent intellectual vanity of persons who write. Consequently, it devolves upon me to tell the story of how an angel happened to get his name in lights, over the National Theatre, Forty-first, West of Broadway, on the night of May 23, 1944.

The angel has a name, a name you never heard before unless you read the theatrical page and the Broadway columnists. If you do, then it is possible that you have heard of *Career Angel*.

But that's not an angel, you say. That's a play, a play that closed after ten nights on Broadway. And you are quite right. It is a play, and it did close after ten nights. I ought to know. I wrote it. Yet that unconventional angel who shattered so many of our childhood illusions, gamboling so untraditionally and unangelically across two New York stages, had from the first moment of its theatrical materialization come to mean something more real for me than a mere character in a play.

It wasn't long after I created *Career Angel* that I began to feel that this angel

was up to something—up to something more mischievous than anything even my imagination would have asked of him.

Let me tell you the story behind *Career Angel* and you will see what I mean.

Much to my embarrassment, one special-feature writer of a newspaper in Boston, before the play opened there, captioned his article thus: *Homesick, Priest Writes Play*.

That headline embarrassed me. It embarrassed me because it was true. I don't remember now whether I gave the reporter that information; if I did, I suppose I ought to be more careful when talking to reporters. But if you've never experienced what the French infallible instinct for felicity of expression describes, with characteristic but maddening urbanity, as a *mauvais quart d'heure*, you simply cannot imagine how indiscreet one can be in his first encounter with an ambitious American reporter. At any rate, it was true. I was homesick.

I was homesick for an old parish down town in Brooklyn. You would wonder why when you saw the lovely suburban parish to which I was sent in tony Forest Hills. But I was homesick, nevertheless. I was homesick for dirty city streets, and the kids who played there, most of them now scattered hither and yon across the bleeding face of a world at war; and may I

pause here a moment to say, I am humbly grateful to God for whatever little joy He made it possible for me to bring into those lives destined to know so brief a spring. We did have fun.

A priest should not be so sentimental, but this priest was. A priest should practice holy detachment. This priest thought he was and found out he wasn't when they told him to pack his bag and move on.

That's the way it was. That's the way Father Charles Mulrooney found me, the day he told me I ought to write a play.

"You must be very hard up," I moaned.

"As a matter of fact, we are," this Professor of English, and director-producer of the Cathedral College Preparatory Seminary annual play confided. "Plays with an all-male cast are practically unheard of, and we can't, obviously, use any other kind."

"But I never wrote a play. Never wrote anything."

"All the more reason to begin now," he chided. "Whoever heard of anyone who hasn't written at least one play?"

"Why, of course," I retorted with cynical lugubriousness. "Everybody writes plays. It doesn't require any conspicuous ability. It doesn't require any ability at all. You don't even have to have a good reason for writing one. Why, Penny Sycamore wrote a play for the very compelling reason that somebody left a typewriter in her daffy house by mistake. Remember?"

But Father Mulrooney would not be put

By GERARD M. MURRAY

off. He handed me a pencil, a nice, carefully sharpened pencil with soft lead, and I'm a pushover for carefully sharpened pencils, especially if they have been sharpened by somebody else.

"Begin!" the Professor commanded. "Start writing yourself out of the dol-drums."

So I began. And the angel took over, just like the day I caught a fly ball out in center field; everybody that day divined that an angel must have caught it. I never get any credit.

I didn't see Father Mulrooney—I dare say I don't recall seeing anyone for a week. It's so peaceful in the country. When I finally came out of hiding I had written one scene, one futile, aimless scene of a poorly planned play. I threw it on the Professor's desk. He began reading.

"Now are you convinced?" I interrupted.

"Convinced about what? Convinced that you're the great Catholic playwright we've been waiting for? By no means! But convinced that you have the beginning of a play for the old Alma Mater? I most certainly am."

Then gathering up the sheets, he pushed them toward me, got up from his desk and said, "Now get on the job!"

"But—" I began protesting.

"Sorry, I'm busy." And he was off to class. Just like that! Off to class!

And there I stood, mute with rage, holding in one hand a brief case that felt at that historic moment strangely like the proverbial bag, and a futile, aimless scene of a poorly planned play in the other.

And then through the din of my inner rebellion, like the voice of some rescuing Pocahontas, came the words: "the show must go on!" When I heard that caressive old bromide I knew my case was hopeless. I had innocently contracted that curious occupational disease that affects so many otherwise normal persons in show business. I was doomed. I knew it. There was nothing to do but get another nice, big, soft, carefully sharpened pencil and carry on.

The first cast of *Career Angel* memorized the play as quickly as the typist was able to write it—which was nice, even if a little hectic on everyone. That typist by the way merits special mention.

Her name is Miss Dorothy Evans. Dorothy really discovered "*Career Angel*," a fact she never lets me forget. It was she to whom Father Mulrooney sent my manuscript to be typed. Dorothy gave the angel his wings. When the play was more than half typed she called the College one day.

"Who is Sean O'Malley?" she wanted to know.

Now Sean O'Malley is the pseudonym I assumed as a self-protective measure in clerical circles. Priests can be unbelievably captious.

"What's it to you?" chuckled Father Mulrooney.

The story of how an angel happened to get his name in lights on Broadway and become known to history as "Career Angel"

"Well, Father, I've seen a lot of 'em, and I'm telling you I think this play has merit. Has it occurred to anyone to get a copyright?"

No, it hadn't occurred to anyone. As a matter of fact, it hadn't even occurred to anyone to call the author an author. Miss Evans did. But no one else. And you have no idea what being called an author for the first time can do for your ego. You're never quite the same after.

But to get back to the story. From then on, everybody laughed and called me "author" just for the sheer bang they got out of saying it.

Everybody but "Dotty." You can see, we were getting dreadfully familiar by this time. Dotty insisted upon taking this angel seriously, but not apparently any more seriously than the angel was taking himself—he was nothing if not enterprising.

"Well, what do you want us to do about it?" Father Mulrooney asked.

"Send it to a play agent. I know a very good one."

"Really? Who?"

"Mary Leonard Pritchett over in New York. Send it to her. Let her read it. If she doesn't like it, she doesn't like it, and will mince no words telling you. If she does—well, send it and see what happens."

When the copies were all neatly typed, I got one. I was amazed. The blasted thing actually looked like a play. A typewritten copy of the worst drivel can look incredibly flattering. In this case, it was simply galvanizing. I picked up the telephone and called Mrs. Pritchett.

It was to be two weeks before I would learn Mrs. Pritchett's reaction to the play.



Father Gerard M. Murray

But I forgot all about her in the excitement of seeing the Cathedral College production of the play nearing completion. Then one day Mary called, her voice fairly bubbling up out of the telephone. Mary's voice is like that. Come to think of it, Mary's like that. Her physical youth long since irreclaimable, she has somehow the fascinating restlessness of a newly poured champagne of very early vintage. Yes, that's Mary. Brisk. Animated. Alive. With an outrageous chapeau perched impudently on her upswept hair, and a veil hanging down to her nose. The quintessence of cosmopolitan New York. A fugitive from a literary tea. She can giggle, too, this human cocktail, at the slightest provocation, giggles way down in her throat until you have the feeling that the words she is trying to say are getting all tangled up in the giggle.

This bubbling, giggle-tangled voice was saying: "Hello, Father! This is Mary Leonard Pritchett. I've read your play. I love it. Of course I don't know whether it's Broadway."

"Broadway" I broke in joylessly. "You don't understand. I never thought of Broadway. It's just a ridiculous little . . ."

She wasn't listening. She was talking to someone else on another telephone. In a moment she was back to me again.

"Father, can you run over here for an hour?"

As if a simple curate can just drop everything and run anywhere for an hour.

"I'll be off tomorrow—if, of course, I'm not already off." That was a horrible pun but Mary giggled a little, just to be polite. I think. We arranged a time, said "good-by now," hopping gingerly over the syllables, the way all important people say "good-by now" and hung up.

And there I was the Father of an Angel.

I went to see Mary the next day. On my way over in the subway I entered into myself. "Now, look here," I thought, "this joke has gone far enough. Fun is fun. But there are limits beyond which. Moreover, a professional moralist ought to have some sense of justice. Broadway means contracts. Contracts mean money. Trouble, perhaps! Why not give it away. No, that doesn't make sense either . . . Blackfriars! That's the solution. Why didn't I think of that before."

The slowly dawning awareness of my authorship did not reach high noon until Mary sent me the Blackfriars letter of enthusiastic acceptance. I was delirious with joy. Here at last was real recognition, the recognition of the leading Catholic experimental theater in the country, physically near enough to Broadway to be reviewed by every New York critic, and

spiritually just far enough away to be artistically independent.

But it was now only May. The Blackfriars production would not be done before October. Indeed they asked if they might open their next season with it. In the meantime there was the Cathedral College production.

I wish I had the space to review for you that production given by those Prep-Seminarians, under Father Mulrooney's inspired direction. Without even a remotely imaginative set, lacking very naturally the histrionic technique of professional actors, those young men were able to radiate a kind of kinetic energy or vitality that was to prove unsurpassable even by the Broadway cast. And if I may be permitted to intrude on the solitude of one of those young men now at Huntington Seminary, Joe Kean, I should like to ask Joe to take a bow as I go on record saying that no angel either in Blackfriars or on Broadway was able to bring to that part the gay and unaffected charm, the spiritual insight, or the inspired nuance of Joe's portrayal. Thank you, Joe!

Of course, Blackfriars made *Career Angel*. No doubt about that. The Director, Dennis Gurney, though not a Catholic, but to quote the Prime Movers of Blackfriars, Fathers Nagle and Carey (and you can take that word "mover" in its broadest possible sense, since they often move scenery, and sweep out the theater), "a half-baked Catholic," caught the sensitive, almost evanescent, mood and paced his direction accordingly. The casting at Blackfriars, with no thanks to the Equity Labor Board, was nothing short of miraculous.

Still, that first night was a nerve-racking one. I went down to my seat with Father Joseph Grady, trying to look as blasé and bored as the rest of those first-nighters.

The theater seemed curiously air-conditioned by the prevailing boredom. So we just sat scanning the program, until the curtain went up.

I was desolate. Everything seemed wrong. To begin with, the whole idea of my play being up there seemed wrong, pretentious, ill-advised, embarrassing. I scorned the set. I magnified the actors' lack of technique. "Their timing's off," I'd say (to myself of course). "They're booting lines. Their hands are dirty. Their faces are dirty. They're dirty, behind the ears. And why doesn't the audience laugh more? What do they think this is, a tragedy? We told them it was a comedy."

I carried on like this all through the first act. During the intermission nothing would do Ray Barrett, erstwhile of the *Daily News* drama desk, now in the Army, nothing would do him, I say, but that I meet all the critics. Ray is a really ingenuous lad. Fervent Catholic, too. Reads his missal very piously in our parish here every Sunday.

"But I'm awfully shy, Ray. You don't understand. I like my celebrities—but at a distance," I said, demurring, and then went on to explain how when only a wee lad, wandering around the circus grounds in Brooklyn one day with an older brother, charmed by the melodious gurgling of the calliope, I was caught up in an ecstasy of boyish admiration at the gaudy brilliance of this sempiternal freehold of childhood, and became separated from my brother, never realizing the separation until I suddenly looked up to find I was walking alongside a real Indian, feathers and all.

"Ray," I said at the end of this simple little illustration of my invincible shyness, "do you know, I ran lickety-split back to my big brother? Yet I loved Indians—but at a distance. See what I mean?"

"Well, that was an Indian. Incidentally you shouldn't have been so race-conscious. Besides, these guys are Indians only at a Theatre Guild jamboree. Come on." Ray urged.

So I went. And I met the whole ineffable array. There was Garland, and Coleman, and a stout, dignified gentleman

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 ▶ Nobody ever fergits where he buried a hatchet.  
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—KIN HUBBARD

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 from the *Newark Evening News* who has always been more than cordial to me but whose name I keep forgetting because I don't read the *Newark* papers. I liked Burton Rascoc best of all. You darned well ought to, you say. Yes, I guess I should. Burton stuck by me to the bitter tenth night on Broadway. On the other hand (to my everlasting amazement) the critics all were more or less kind, and some were actually enthusiastic. All but one fellow from the *Telegraph*. But that's twenty-five cents a copy, and the fellows who read this are often as not dead broke and couldn't buy a ticket anyhow.

Rascoc, of course, "went overboard" as the saying goes. However, I'm not too worried any more. Burton survived, and will continue to survive, because at Blackfriars, that memorable November 18th, he didn't suddenly lose his mind. He saw the play, he liked it, and wanted the whole wide world to know it. Maybe you agree with him. Maybe you don't. Maybe he's right. Maybe he's wrong. But in his reviews he does only what every good critic does, indeed what every good critic cannot help doing. He merely reviews the sum total of his own life and experience, with its background, education, and breeding, in relation to the play he is witnessing, and gives us the result of his reflections next day. That's all. Critics are never infallible choosers of hits. Too many factors beyond

the drama critic's control determine a hit.

The rest of my story is by theater-goers only too well known.

The play was marketed by Mary Leonard Pritchett. We had some very interesting nibbles, not the least exciting being a nibble from the Theatre Guild. We lost that fish that hatched *Oklahoma* and *Othello*, after laying so many theatrical eggs. It might have been a different story if the Guild had produced *Career Angel*. But they didn't. Messrs. Billings, Dicks, and Shay did, with Don Appel directing. It was their first Broadway job just as it was mine. They know now, and they are just humble and intelligent enough to admit with me, that we have a lot to learn. Better luck next time. The faith they had in this unknown author, the unfailing courtesy and respect they showed him, the genuine tolerance they practiced toward him and all he represented are memories he shall always cherish.

Moreover, in fairness to the Broadway producers, it should be made clear that in producing *Career Angel* after its presentation at Blackfriars, they were laboring under a decided disadvantage. It was inevitable that the experimental production would leave the professional production wide open for comparison, and comparisons, in the words of the greatest playwright who ever lived, William Shakespeare, are "odorous." Besides, all the Broadway reviews were not bad. There was Bob Coleman in the *Mirror*. And Ed Fitzgerald over WOR right after the show on opening night. Even Herrick Brown of the *Sun* was thoughtful enough to mention Whitford Kane's portrayal of Seraphim.

Well, it remains now only to say that *Career Angel* is presently in the hands of the Dramatist Play Service at 6 East Thirty-ninth Street in New York, and will be done by a great many schools this year. The angel will be where he doubtless most wants to be, back home among simple folk who won't refer to him as one New York critic did superciliously or quaintly, I don't know which, as "a wraith." If I know my angel, he'll have no truck with persons who deny or patronizingly concede his objective reality.

That's the story. I regret that it became so unavoidably autobiographical. But the fact that the angel really steals every scene justifies in a measure my writing it, I hope. There would be, however, added justification for this article, if even one writer, of our many Catholic writers, far better endowed for the challenging task than I could ever hope to be—if even one of these writers, I say—who happens to read my story is so emboldened by it that he takes in hand whatever kind of pencil he enjoys writing with, sits down and writes a Catholic play, or better still, a play, a play with Catholic overtones—and makes Broadway like it. I'm sure it could be done.



# Labor's Gift to Government

By EDWIN A. LAHEY

**T**HE name of Joseph D. Keenan inevitably suggests itself in any discussion of Catholic leaders of whom the American labor movement may be proud. A jurisdictional point could be raised, since Joe Keenan has been a full-time government official since the middle of 1940, but technically he is still secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and it is difficult to think of him in any activity but the labor movement, when his war duties are ended. Joe is Vice Chairman of the War Production Board, in charge of labor production.

After having suggested to the Editor of *THE SIGN* that Joe Keenan certainly rated a piece in his magazine, we came clunk up against one of the most distressing facts of life—that virtue on the surface too often makes dull reading. The biographies that keep you awake

past bed time are usually about wicked men or women. Similarly, the most newsworthy men in the labor movement are too frequently the burglars.

Thus it came about that we were vague when it came to making notes from memory on the progressive growth and achievements of Joe Keenan. We thought it would be a good idea to drop a note to Donald Nelson and ask him for a paragraph or two of his own estimate of Joe Keenan's contribution to the war effort. Keenan was Nelson's strong right arm when the latter directed the \$70,000,000,000 annual business of W.P.B.

"Dear Mr. Lahey," Mr. Nelson wrote, "I am happy to be able to say a few words regarding the work of Joseph D. Keenan.

"Joe has been with the predecessors of the War Production Board as long

as I can remember. His indefatigable efforts in the early stages of the defense program made it possible to shift construction workers from area to area throughout the country in order to expedite the building of army camps and new war production facilities. Later, when industrial workers were needed by the tens of thousands in order to man our war production industries, Joe Keenan worked hard to minimize friction and reconcile the differences among unions and management which inevitably arise during such large-scale readjustments.

"Consequently, when developments indicated the need of a Vice Chairman to direct the War Production Board labor production functions, Joe Keenan loomed as the man for this delicate and key position. The Office of Labor Production is in charge of developing programs to stimulate production in war plants and other essential establishments, investigate reasons for relatively low labor production in plants and improve those conditions, assist in the establishment of joint labor-management committees, act as a central point of reference and information in the War Production Board with respect to the handling of industrial relations problems, and secure appropriate inter-agency action to correct problems of industrial health and safety, transportation and housing, when such problems may reduce labor productivity.

"It is often said that an executive's achievement is largely based on the associates he selects. I know that my job was lightened because Joe Keenan was one of our top staff in the important and sensitive spot of Labor Production Chief. He has served his country without stint in a critical period in its history."

That's a nice letter of recommendation from the boss in any case.

Joe Keenan came up the hard way in the rough-and-tumble school of labor politics, and before entering the government service in 1940 had been active in the labor movement in Chicago for a quarter-century. He was born in

**Joe Keenan is a labor leader who gets things done in bureaucratic Washington**



*Joseph D. Keenan, Vice Chairman of the War Production Board, in charge of labor*

Chicago in 1896, the eldest of eight children, and the son of a truck driver. His boyhood environment was the neighborhood of Throop and Van Buren streets, on the near west side of Chicago. When Joe was twelve, his father was permanently paralyzed, and he immediately went to work to help his mother support her large family.

His first job was as an errand boy for a milliner; then he sold score cards and worked as a bat boy in a ball park; later jumping from one odd job to another. While he was still in his teens, two of his uncles, who were electricians, had him apprenticed to Local 134 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. In 1914, during a depression lay-off, Joe went to Charles M. Paulsen, then head of Local 134 and now chairman of the executive board of the I.B.E.W., for help in finding a job. Paulsen not only got Joe a job with the Chicago Telephone Company, but took him under his wing and interested the young electrical worker in union activities. Paulsen, who still retains Joe Keenan's deep loyalty, did more than any other person toward shaping Keenan's career in the labor movement.

Beginning as a cable-splicer for the telephone company, Keenan rose through the ranks of his trade, became supervisor for the Federal Electric Company in 1923, and left that job in 1931 to become an electrical engineer. He was elected secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor in 1937, and devoted his full time to the labor movement from that date until his entry into government service.

He and Mrs. Keenan, who grew up in the same neighborhood with him in Chicago, now live in a modest apartment in the McLean garden development in Washington. They have two sons, Corp. John E. Keenan of the Army Signal Corps, who is in the Burma war theater, and Joseph D. Keenan, Jr., who is in the Navy officers' school at Abbott Hall, Northwestern University.

Keenan, in his late forties, is the picture of vigor, though he allows himself neither exercise nor vacation. He is just under six feet in height, with 185 pounds of muscle so distributed as to give an impression of width rather than height. He has heavy, black hair, now streaking a little with gray. He neither smokes nor drinks.

In the early summer of 1940, the fall of France awakened the nation to the danger that the war in Europe would spread to embrace us, and a feverish preparation was begun. In July of that year, President William Green of the A. F. of L. was asked to recommend an outstanding labor leader as adviser on employment problems in the newly created National Defense Advisory Coun-

cil. Mr. Green recommended Keenan. The old NDAC soon disappeared in the swirl of activated Washington, and the Office of Production Management took its place in organizing our industrial facilities for war. The OPM eventually gave way to the War Production Board.

Each shifting of the bureaucratic sands witnessed the disappearance of executives, the deflation of once-great reputations. Joe Keenan was a notable exception to this trend. When the framework of one of the early war agencies would fall apart, the great minds of those agencies would be revealed as packing their bags and leaving Washington in a huff. But there in the wreckage would be Joe Keenan, unaware of the swirling currents of political ambitions around him, at his battered desk, and barking telephone entreaties, perhaps, to some dubious labor skate at the other end of the country, to get men here, there, everywhere; to find new and emergent solutions for the hoary, old industrial and jurisdictional disputes; to drop their comfortable and selfish concepts of "trade unionism as usual," and, in short, to start worrying seriously about this nation's defense preparations.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦  
**► To be positive: to be mistaken  
 at the top of one's voice.**

—AMBROSE BIERCE

It was due in considerable measure to the efforts of Joe Keenan that the building and construction trades stabilization agreement was reached. This tripartite agreement between government, labor, and contractors made it possible for the huge war building program of cantonments, air bases, and other emergency installations to be finished ahead of time and with as few interruptions as was humanly possible in the circumstances. Building trades unions and contractors revised peacetime working conditions. The unions assumed and discharged responsibility for the movement of tens of thousands of craftsmen from metropolitan areas to the frequently isolated and uninhabited sites for the construction of army camps, navy bases, and war plants.

Keenan also helped work out a similar stabilization pact for the shipbuilding industry, wherein labor, management, and government developed a system of self-government which paid off in high production records and a minimum of disputes. In recent months, Keenan has been concentrating on the industrial problems of the aircraft industry. While the aircraft factories were scraping the bottom of the manpower barrel, they were faced with increased production de-

mands in 1944. But Keenan believed that free labor could meet the demand. He had seen production in one big aircraft plant increase 25 per cent, with an increase in manpower of only 15 per cent, through co-operative action by management and labor in the approach to the problem.

Joe Keenan is the busiest man in government today, President Roosevelt possibly excepted. Joe might be in your living room of an evening, sipping a cup of cocoa and earnestly discussing some bottleneck in labor relations on some distant war project. Presently he looks at his watch, gulps the rest of his cocoa, grabs his hat, and leaves precipitously, explaining that he must catch a plane in twenty minutes to Pittsburgh, or Jacksonville, or San Francisco.

When he came to Washington, Joe had a floating desk, like the other recruits of the NDAC. It took a little digging each morning to find out where the office had been moved to in the overnight shuffles of those parlous times. Today Joe has a respectable section of the New Social Security Building in Washington under his command as Vice Chairman of WPB. There are 200 workers on his Washington staff, and 230 in field offices throughout the United States. The field offices are manned entirely by people from the labor movement, with the recruits divided evenly between the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. These field men are the trouble shooters in the first instance of labor disputes on war jobs. In a way they overlap the functions of the U.S. Conciliation Service, but can get quicker results in a crisis because of their own labor connections.

There's one more outside contribution to the estimate of Joe Keenan. It comes from a worker in Keenan's Washington staff.

"He certainly has no big ideas nor any high hat stuff," this worker says of Keenan. "He's as easy to talk to now as he ever was in the labor movement. Everybody gets the same good reception. If a guy is wrong, Keenan will tell him so in a direct way. He treats his own union, the electricians, like any other union. He's only got one thing in mind, and that's to win the war."

"Joe Keenan knows that if the war were lost the labor movement would be lost with it."

And that last quotation about gives the answer to Joe Keenan's stalwart service for the government in the past four years. The same honest directness with which he has left the imprint of his work on wartime Washington will once again, when Keenan's war work is done, be listed among the too-little-known assets of the American Federation of Labor, and that organization will be the healthier for it.

# The Masterful Workman

By AUGUSTINE PAUL HENNESSY, C.P.

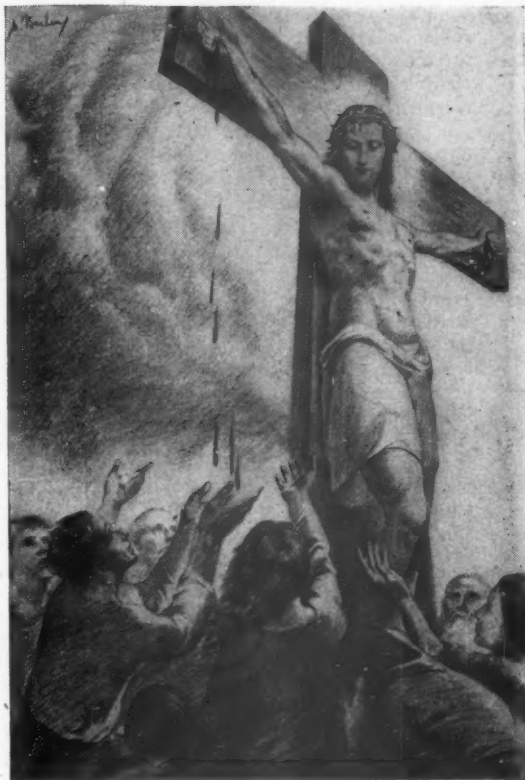
**I**T WAS close to three o'clock in the afternoon on the most eventful day in the world's history. A tired workman was finishing His career. And that career was ending on a cross.

Like other men on their deathbeds, He too was reviewing His life. As He looked out from His cross, His mind was turning over the span of years between a crib at Bethlehem and a cross on Calvary. It was so easy to remember it all. And He found reason for not a single regret.

There was Bethlehem with its poverty, Egypt with its loneliness, Nazareth with its toils. He could remember the time He spent in Galilee with all the heartaches it brought to a zealous young missionary; and that sad day in Jerusalem when He wept bitter tears over a willful city heedless of its God. Last night there had been Gethsemani where it cost Him a bloody sweat to accept the chalice His Father held out to Him. This morning there was the Praetorium with its scourging and vulgar mockery. Then Pilate's balcony with the crowd clamoring for his blood. And now there was Golgotha with its agony of heart and soul and body.

He saw no flaws in His career of love. There were no let-ups in His plans for achieving the Father's glory. He had never turned aside from His mission. His was not a service of fits and starts. Every single minute of His life was packed with a love deep enough and divine enough to merit the redemption of a million worlds. He had given everything and now there was nothing else to give. Long years before He had said that He must be about His Father's business. Now He had fulfilled His assignment. So Christ, the Workman, bowed His head and died.

When the Son of God dwelt upon earth in visible flesh, He was a workman whose time and talents were dedicated to the interests of His Father and the welfare of His brethren. Like every workman His success is measured by His efficiency. Nowadays, when everyone sets a premium on efficiency, it is hardly necessary to add that efficiency is nothing more than an apt ability to accomplish the work at hand. This article is concerned with the efficiency of Christ in His Sacred Passion.



*Drawing by Mario Barbieri*

The work at hand throughout Christ's entire life was to glorify His Father. To glorify a person means to recognize his personal worth and to bestow due praise upon him for his virtues, talents, or achievements. Simply because He is Truth itself and knows that He is supremely lovable, God must be ever occupied in promoting His own glory; He is always intent upon securing the recognition of His own supreme goodness. That is what Christ referred to as His Father's business. The only business an all-perfect God could have upon an earth He has made with a word is the merciful work of helping men to recognize that He is Himself their greatest benefactor. Christ's concern for His Father's business consisted above all in giving Him that recognition in the name of mankind.

Christ's efficiency at promoting the

**What is the secret of the power of the Man who wrought the world's salvation?**

business of His Father was rooted in His own Divinity. Because He was not only man but also the Son of God, He was a workman who could render His Father a human service with a divine worth. He could love God with a human heart yet offer up that human love with all the self-assurance of a divine lover. He could make an apology in the name of sinful mankind yet know He was perfectly sure of a hearing in view of His sinless Sonship.

This divine Sonship is the secret of Christ's efficiency as the Masterful Workman who wrought the salvation of the world. It was a strictly *personal* efficiency in no way dependent upon the particular kind of activity in which it manifested itself. Apart from any decree of God ordaining the time and place and manner of redemption, Christ the Workman could have worked for His Father's glory just as effectively in a crib as He did on a cross. He might have redeemed the world by a single prayer uttered in some hidden corner of a lonely desert just as surely as He did by His bloody death endured on a public hill near crowded crossroads. From the

viewpoint of His personal efficiency, He could have carried on His redemptive activity while enthroned in kingly comfort and yet have been no less effective than He was when He was hammered to a tree.

But both in the plans of God and in the human desires of Christ the cross had an indispensable role to play in the work of redemption. The apex of Christ's efficiency as a workman for the Father's glory and men's salvation would not be reached until He had climbed the hill of Calvary and submitted Himself to the horrors of crucifixion. Never is the unbelieving world so lamentably wrong as when it allows its sentimentalism to regard the cross as a calamity in the career of a kindly man named Jesus Christ. The cross did not ruin a human career. It enabled the Incarnate Son of God to fulfill a divine vocation. The nails through His hands and feet did not clamp a cruel restraint on the genius of Christ's workmanship. They set it free to soar up to the pinnacle of achievement. Only on a cross could He really be Himself. Only on a cross would He be unhampered in



the execution of His masterful designs. Only there would His efficiency become manifest in its full magnitude.

All His life long Christ yearned for Calvary and its cross. And when He finally allowed Himself to be crucified, it was not simply because He wanted to glorify His Father. He had always been doing that with the perfect efficiency of a God-Man. It was because He wanted to glorify the Father in a very definite way. He wanted to set His human recognition of the Father's goodness at perfect odds with the dishonor shown toward God by sinful man. The cross had a special aptitude for helping Christ to make His human service an artful counteraction to the treason of sin.

When men sin their treachery toward God is rooted in three basic disloyalties—pride, greed, and disobedience. Pride first of all surges up within their befuddled minds. It possesses the power to hypnotize a man by the thought of his own imaginary excellence. It creates a delusion of complete autonomy. It sells men the idea that they exist for their own selfish gratification. Then greed steps forward to become pride's champion and claims the right to gratify pride's selfishness in whatever way it pleases. No good belonging to God or men lies beyond the false claims of greed. It reaches out to clutch whatever it needs to serve pride's sinful whims, whether it be someone else's honor, someone else's body, someone else's home, or someone else's life. Then when the law of God looms up before sinful man as a bothersome check on the free play of greed, disobedience volunteers to rid greed of this annoyance by simply acting as if there were no law. This threefold adulation of self at the expense of God's honor accounts for the treason in sin.

ON Calvary's cross Our Lord was acting as spokesman for all mankind. There in the name of humanity He would make an affirmation of heroic loyalty to the interests of His Father. And with a divinely delicate sense of fitness His tribute of fidelity would glow with the three virtues diametrically opposed to the selfishness of sin. "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross." (Phil. 2:8) Against the wild pride of men who wanted to be a law unto themselves He would set the

calm humility of a God who made Himself the least of men. Against the hungry greed of grasping creatures He would match the limitless generosity of a son who sought only to empty Himself. Against the disobedience of wanton lawbreakers He would oppose the obedience of a perfect workman.

Once it is granted that such was the work Christ proposed to Himself it becomes immediately clear that the cross was a most useful implement in the equipment of the Masterful Workman. It heightened His efficiency in an accidental way inasmuch as it gave Him greater opportunity for emptying Himself. And in Christ's scheme His greatest project as promoter of the Father's glory was built around a plan for emptying Himself.

Every decent man has two treasures which he guards with relentless jealousy—his honor and his life. It is a costly sacrifice for him to spend them even in the noblest enterprise. Christ wanted the cross because He was engaged in an enterprise dearer to Him than His life or His honor. On the cross an obedient workman, animated by reparative humility and spurred on by utter unselfishness could spend His treasures for the glory of the Father. There He could lay down His life amidst unutterable pain. That alone would have been perfectly adequate testimony to God's supreme dominion over all things, even the human life of His Incarnate Son. But the Masterful Workman wanted to do more than die. He wanted to die in dishonor, in public disgrace, stripped of every semblance of His Divinity, robbed of every manifest claim He had upon the admiration of men.

In laying down His life and His honor Christ, the Father's Workman, never ceased to be perfect God and perfect Man. All the prerogatives belonging to Him as the natural Son of God remained in their changeless integrity. Likewise all His intrinsic greatness as head of the human race lay far beyond the reach of men's destructive malice. But though men could never rob Him of His inherent perfection either as God or as Man, they could and they did enshrine Him in an atmosphere of shame; they could nail Him to a gibbet so that all manifestations of His eternal divinity and flawless humanity would be hidden under the trappings of defeat and ignominy.

A bloodstained cross planted on the top of a hill where all Jerusalem could see Him was the answer to His deepest longings for self-renunciation. There all signs of His divinity would be hidden from the view of men. On that cross He, the well-beloved Son, would take on the appearance of an outcast; men would mutter their grievance against Him as a man abandoned by God. There the God of Truth would hang before the world condemned as a lying seducer. He who from the beginning of time was engaged in a career of unceasing benevolence would hear Himself reputed as a upstart zealot who was not content with the career of a village carpenter. On that cross the God who breathed life into the face of man would be gasping for breath as His human life neared its end amidst the infirmities of crucifixion. That is why the cross fascinated the Masterful Workman "who though He was by nature God, did not consider being equal to God a thing to be clung to, but emptied Himself." (Phil. 2:7)

AS HE hid the manifestations of His divinity, so did He set aside the appearances of His perfect manhood. And again the cross lent substantial aid to His ruthless sacrifice of self. He had walked the earth as the most beautiful of the sons of men; yet passers-by who paused before Calvary long enough to cast a pitying glance at its victims saw Him ruined by ugly wounds. His fullness of grace entitled Him to be King of all mankind; yet never did a king look so unkingly as the King who ruled from a cross. His royal decrees were uttered through bleeding lips; and when He gave His approval to the approach of death, He gave it with the nod of a thorn-crowned head. The Man on Calvary's middle cross was the Prince of Peace born to reconcile the world to its God; yet men saw Him convicted as a disturber of the peace, a companion of malcontents. He was perfect sinlessness; yet if judged by the severity of His chastisement He looked more like the incarnation of sin than of sinlessness.

Christ the Workman wanted to give up His life and His honor for the sake of His Father's business. And when He finished His task on that first Good Friday afternoon, no detail had been forgotten in His masterful plans. If the Son of God would not rest content with His workmanship until He had executed a pattern of total renunciation, never did He work so efficiently as when He hung on the cross. There He emptied Himself as fully as God and Man could possibly do. If that is what He wanted to do (and it is) then it is easy to understand why every Christian can boast as St. Paul did: "The word of the cross to them that perish is foolishness but to them that are saved, that is to us, it is the power of God." (1Cor. 1:18)

### Footnotes to Fame—XI

► Before Charles M. Schwab became a great man in his own right in the steel industry, he was employed by Andrew Carnegie. After a particularly good day, Schwab once wired his employer, "Broke all records yesterday."

To which Carnegie telegraphed, "What have you done today?"



# Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## **Tales of Selfishness**

THERE HAVE BEEN times, during this year now gone, when I, like many others, have felt a sense of discouragement at some news of selfishness and greed in a time when they should be held at least in abeyance. There have been times when one felt the phrase "common good" was only a phrase and not a working fact. There have been strikes that seemed bitterly selfish and unfair—until one realized that the selfishness often lay with the employers rather than with the employees. And we have read tales of workers who slacken production purposely. Tales of men who play the black market and tales of those who actually rejoice at patronizing it. We have read of odd little selfishnesses too—as the one about the wealthy young woman who has just signed up as a professional model, thus taking money away from a girl who needs the work and also taking from the services or the unpaid jobs of the Red Cross a worker who should be in one of them.

Handbags for some reason have skyrocketed to unknown heights. They are listed daily in the advertisements of otherwise sensible stores at fifty dollars, a hundred, and even more. Why under the sun would anyone want a handbag that costs that much? Why not pay at the very most fifteen dollars, let us say, and buy bonds with the rest, or give to some organization that is buying milk for babies, or trying to procure rests for tired tenement mothers, or to the U. S. O.? And right next to these glowing ads one sees just such articles with appeals in them, as for instance, a fresh air fund to send children of the slums away to the country for a Christmas holiday week.

## **Two Letters**

JUST LAST WEEK, as I had been brooding over handbags and lack of children's warm underwear and pajamas, though women's fancy clothes seem bountiful, and an advertisement sent me from one of those so-called exclusive night clubs (how I got on their list is a mystery for I never saw the inside of it and never expect to), telling of the great sum expended in fitting up the rooms anew in a fashion worthy of its discriminating patrons—after all that, in a later mail, came two letters.

One was the account of a little town in Central America where the Indians who made up its population had been waiting for years for a priest to come to stay with them. They had had a church ready for him for some time, built by themselves of field stone and adobe brick. They often went in there themselves to ask God's blessing on the day's work and also to ask Him to send them a priest soon. Now and then one did come, but only for a day, a passing priest who could stay no longer than that.

Then one day they had their priest, and this little story told of their joy at his coming, and how the whole village came to Mass the very next day. And that day, too, a woman came to tell the young missionary that they had arranged that one woman would be present in the church for every daylight hour of every day—"so Our Lord may never want for adoration here," she said.

## **Cold and Hungry**

ALSO IN THE MAIL was a letter from my young son, who is now somewhere in Italy, and evidently in a place where poverty is very acute. It is an urgent note that he writes. The weather is getting very cold and the people he sees around him have so little to keep them warm and so little to eat, and the soldiers stationed there can seldom get extra rations for them, since their own are fairly slim. Chestnuts, apples, grapes, and the bread they can manage to procure—that is all. "If you should know of anyone who would like to send any clothing or food," he wrote, "to someone who's cold and hungry, inexpensive as the things may be, have them send them to me, and I'll see that they go to the proper bodies and mouths. Any necessary requests I'll write and I am fully within my rights in so doing. See if you can't send some small apparel anyway. You can't realize how bad the situation is here."

There was really nothing unusual about the letter. Almost any generous-minded person might have written it. But it was unusual in that it was the letter of a boy of twenty who never in his life at home was hungry and if he was, he knew where he could get something right away. I know he never thought particularly about people who were in such a state. It never entered his ken. But this letter shows he has now seen such people, and I am sure that he and many another boy in the services who has been so moved will not be so careless about the poor when the war is over and they are home again. When once you have seen cold and hungry people, you don't forget it.

I have planned what to send him—inexpensive sweaters and dehydrated food, for the immutable law of "five pounds and a yard round" holds for all packages. And some of my friends to whom I have shown this letter, and who knew the writer as a gay and noisy nuisance, are going to help me with small sweaters and dried soups. It takes very little to open people's hearts, even though there are some among us who are charitable only if the case is proven "deserving," whatever that may mean. Our Lord never went around insisting on healing only deserving cases. He just healed and fed people, and who are we to insist on more?

## **The Things That Count**

THESE TWO LETTERS made me forget all about handbags and stupid night club expenditures and the girl who hasn't the sense to serve a country that has been very good to her. These small selfishnesses really don't matter in the long run. They disappear with time. But the unselfishness of a priest who goes into a strange land to minister to poor Indians, and the awakened thoughtfulness of a boy who writes from Italy for something warm and for food for the people around him who are hungry—these are the things of life, the things that count. So long as we have people who want to bring Our Lord to the poor of forgotten lands, so long as our young people want to feed the cold and hungry of another land—so long we need not fear any sort of spiritual isolationism, and so long will the spirit of Christ's own charity, which is love, abide in America.



"It's your eyes, Mr. Casey—that keen, shrewd look." Mr. Casey refused to smile, looking shrewd

## THE PRIVATE EYE by BRASSIL FITZGERALD

UP AND down Hollywood Boulevard, small craft warnings should have been raised. For Grandpa, Thomas John Casey, was in danger. Not a thing on his conscience, and that was the trouble. For when Grandpa's spirit wore a halo, like a ring round the moon it foretold a storm.

Here he is—homeward bound from eight o'clock Mass. Mind you, too, a weekday Mass. That's Mr. Casey for you, a saintly old gentleman, wearing jauntily too his armor of virtue, and a polka-dot tie. This day well begun, if he thinks so himself. Humming while he walks, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!"

Stepping briskly along, Grandpa looked with alert and approving eyes upon his world, what he could see of it, two blocks of the Boulevard—the heart of Hollywood, beating loud and jive time. The street of dreams, this; and of waking from dreams. Here the next face you met might be famous, or frightening. Here were actors and extras, soldiers and sailors, the good and the bad, and himself, Thomas Casey. First port of call, "Ye Book Shoppe and

Lending Library"; local fount of new wisdoms, and four-cent-a-day culture.

Within Ye Shoppe, with the ease of a habitual addict, Mr. Casey served himself. Chose first a book for Katie, then one for himself from the shelves of crime. Brought them then to the goddess at the cash register, a pretty young woman.

And a smart young woman. "Mr. Casey," she cooed with a pleasant expression, "and what have we today?" A strange look and startled, as she read his first title, *Prenatal Care of Infants*.

With quick dignity Mr. Casey explained. "For my granddaughter, Kathleen, that's married to a major in the Marines." (Katie's man was a captain, but in speaking of him Grandpa habitually promoted him one grade; not lying, mind you. As he told Kathleen, "'Tis but showing faith in the lad. Merely looking ahead.")

This now was a charming saleslady. For to Grandpa's news, she expressed amazement and unbelief. "Surely you aren't old enough for great-grandchildren!"

Grandpa beamed. "Soon then," he

boasted. "Of course," he admitted, "I was married very young. We Caseys do."

He gave the lady his second book. "And here's one for myself, *The Private Eye*. That's slang for a private detective."

Books in hand, Grandpa lingered to chat. "An odd thing," he said. "I'm often mistook myself for a detective. Very recent it was, a young movie actress, Toni Bari, that's just what she called me, a Private Eye."

The saleslady's coo was admiring. "But I can see why! It's your eyes, Mr. Casey—that keen, shrewd look."

Mr. Casey refused to smile, looking shrewd; at least he tried. "It could be, too," he said modestly, "my posture, the military carriage of me. An old campaigner, you know. In ninety-eight now, long before you was born—" Happily then, he was off on a brief history of the Spanish-American War, but a new customer came to the saleslady's rescue.

So Mr. Casey retreated, thinking as he went, "An observing young woman, that. I could do detecting, and none better.

If only now I'd run into a criminal!" A rash wish, that; and he'd shortly regret it.

Mr. Casey's next stop was the military tailor's. He didn't go in. 'Twas the window that held him. Not the beautiful uniforms, not the captured Jap weapons, but a framed display of Army and Navy service ribbons. He put on his glasses.

Mr. Casey stayed long, fascinated; silently moving his lips, as he memorized each bright, brave bit of color. The striped yellow of the Pacific theater; the blue and white of the Navy Cross. Katie's husband had them and the Purple Heart. The ribbons, too, of former wars, he gave them equal attention, fixed each in his mind. He felt deep satisfaction to know these matters, as few civilians did. Even the lads in service, they knew their own ribbons, seldom the others. This now, his military erudition, 'twould amaze them on occasion, and he would find that occasion, trust him for that.

A scholar at heart, our Mr. Casey, and a pure one too. For his studies seldom had commercial value. As Aunt Ethel back in Boston, used to tell him. "Was there a dollar in a thing or a practical use to it, you wouldn't have time for it, Thomas Casey."

"'Tis the peculiar genius of us Irish," Mr. Casey would answer, undisturbed. "Barring some of you Boston Irish, Ethel dear." Like a duelist, the man was, with formal courtesy—attacking. "Admiring the Yankees, you're getting like them, prayer book in one hand—and bankbook

mess sergeant in the infantry, and a brave lad, too. Wounded in heroic action, bringing rations to men under fire. There had been a fine piece about him in the papers.

Leaving behind the military ribbons, Grandpa looked at his watch. Rinaldo's must wait. Here it was nearing nine-thirty, and he had to be home for the mailman, to console his Katie, was there no letter from her Captain Joe.

Grandpa headed straight home, for Katie came first, especially these days. Himself a great-grandfather! Another little Casey, with a last name Polaski. It had taken him long to get used to that "ski." Not for the world would he say it to Katie, but he would have preferred an American name, like Eisenhower, say, or Casey. No matter—'twould be Katie's baby, a little angel sent to delight him. But to warn him, too—time getting short. Past seventy he was, and couldn't expect—put that thought away, and home fast to Katie. In silence, as he hurried along, he spoke to his friend, St. Christopher. "Never mind about me," he prayed. "Take care of my Katie."

The mailman had been, and Katie had news. Not from Joe; from Aunt Ethel, air mail and special delivery. Grandpa was but mildly interested. "I'll have my breakfast," he said serenely. "You can read it to me while I eat."

This was an hour Grandpa loved. Home from early Mass, righteousness in him, and a fine appetite. Katie fixed his eggs, while the good coffee bubbled like quiet laughter.

unstable? Does she think I'm a horse?" He resumed his reading, but silently. The woman ran on and on. She would take care of everything. She'd get Katie the best specialist. She'd do wonders.

"I can't be bothered," said Grandpa; and slapping down the letter, "Does she say when she's coming?"

Ignoring his mood, Katie smiled bravely. "This very day. She's on the plane now. She'll be at the airfield at four this afternoon."

"If they aren't late," said Grandpa sharply, "weighed down with your aunt and all her money." He pushed back his chair. "If you'll excuse me now, I'll retire to my room." And he added bitterly, "While I have it."

Katie's sweet face was troubled, and her young voice. "But Grandpa, your lovely breakfast!"

A foolish old man. No other word for it—cantankerous! "Save it for Ethel," he snapped, and walked out.

Closed in his bedroom, Grandpa took off his coat and shoes, folded back Katie's good spread and lay down with his thoughts. "Never mind about me," he had prayed. Yes, and was taken up very short. He was not pleased with Saint Christopher and told him so, too, though silently. 'Twould make a Protestant out of you, treatment like this. Shutting his eyes to the day's brightness, "I'm an old man," he thought, "just in the way. An inconvenience."

Katie must have known. For the door opened. He heard the whisper of her dress and her gentle voice, close to him. "We've been fine, Grandpa, just us two. But we mustn't say so. We can't hurt Aunt's feelings."

Always Katie could handle him. Opening his eyes to her, her dear young face, with the mother look on it already, he felt ashamed of his ill temper and hastened to make amends. "'Tis for the best, child. Your aunt's a fine woman. And not like me—She'll leave you and Joe a nice nest egg, too."

An extremist, this Casey. Faintly enjoying now his own magnanimity, he added nobly, "If your little one's a boy, you'd be wise to name him for her side, for her late lamented, James Nealey."

Katie didn't say yes or no, laughing, bent low, and her lips like a flower brushed his nose. "Come out now and have your coffee. I'll have a busy day getting ready for Aunt."

Grandpa, too, had a busy day getting ready for Ethel. He was to be at the airfield to meet the plane at four. At three he was ready and groomed to a T, out in the kitchen all by himself. Katie heard him and came out to see what he was doing.

Grandpa turned from the cupboard, with a shopping bag and a sheepish look. "It's just these few empties, Katie dear. They're worth a nickel apiece. I'll get rid

## Hollywood is a queer place where anything can happen and often does. But Grandpa didn't expect it all to happen in one day

in t'other. And a faith to move mountains in both."

Oh, but that would make Ethel indignant! She that had paid for Katie's convent schooling; and a magnificent stained-glass window for her husband departed, the late and honorable James Nealey. A man, as Ethel would say, and frequently, who never touched a drop in all his life. Too good for this world. Not like some she could mention.

Time now to move on from the tailor's window. Much to be done and the morning passing. True for you, Grandpa was retired. But had he the money like Ethel, what the man really needed was an assistant. The days were too short for his duties.

Take this moment, for instance. He was overdue for a haircut and a conference with the barber, Mr. Stamatakos, about the rights of the Dodecanese. He had it on his conscience, too, to stop in at the package store for a word with its owner, Mr. Rinaldo, to hear was there word from his son, Tony, reported wounded in the Philippines. This Tony Rinaldo was a

Spreading his napkin, Grandpa glanced up to Katie. "Now then?" His voice was content and a trifle smug. "And what has your Aunt Ethel to say for herself?"

"You'd never guess, Grandpa," Katie said brightly. "Coming to visit us."

"Between us and harm!" Grandpa put down his fork. "When? Let me see what she says. Is she sure or just threatening?"

Katie smiled cheerfully. "Eat your eggs, and I'll read you."

As Katie read, 'twas like hearing Ethel's voice, like she was there in the room. "You are so fortunate, Kathleen, that I'm free to come to you, now in your need. Dreadful for you, out there all alone, practically."

For a split second Katie paused, skipping something, and Grandpa sensed it. "I'll take it, please," he said with dignity. "I can read for myself."

Reluctantly Katie gave over the letter. Grandpa put on his glasses and read aloud. "I know your poor dear Grandpa means well, but he's always been so emotionally unstable." Grandpa stopped reading to glare at Katie. "What's this



of them now on my way, so your aunt won't be counting them on me."

Katie was true blue. "You needn't bother," she said courageously. "I'll tell Auntymyself, a glass a day is a tonic for you."

Grandpa shook his head, and his smile was embarrassed. "The thing of it is, Katie, in my letters I've been telling her I was total abstinence. To keep her from worrying—you know how she is." He lifted his bulging shopping bag. "Don't you make a liar out of me now."

No need for Katie to answer. They smiled together, good comrades. And Grandpa stood straight, cradling the empties. "Inspect me now, that I look all right for your Aunt's eyes. Would you say now, not knowing me, a man of some substance?"

Katie looked, and shook her brown hair with pretended concern. "If I didn't know, I'd think maybe an actor, like that Barry Fitzgerald."

Grandpa still beamed, going down the walk, and the empties clinked, a tune for his stepping.

'Twas like he was guided, passing this moment a florist shop. Bottles and all, he marched in for a bouquet; tea roses, four of them, and ferns to fill out. A delicate attention, 'twould please her; or if not, he'd give her a piece of his mind. Carrying the blooms with light-fingered care, he hastened on to Rinaldo's, a clean place and a pleasant aroma.

Mr. Rinaldo himself was behind the counter, a stout man and swarthy, with a drooping, big mustache, large, sad eyes, and a spotless white apron tenting his middle. "A nice a day, Mr. Casey," he said politely, but his heart wasn't in it. He had no smile.

Taking up his change, Grandpa hesitated, hating to ask, yet feeling he must. "No word from the boy?"

Rinaldo shook his head, and he sighed heavily.

Grandpa said with determined optimism, "No news is good news. And don't forget for a moment, your boy is getting the best of care. Nothing's too good for our wounded lads. You nor I couldn't pay for it, the treatment they get."

Mr. Rinaldo said nothing, his eyes pools of sorrow.

Grandpa insisted. "And believe me, I know, a veteran myself. And my own lad a major, almost."

Rinaldo was suddenly intent, staring strangely at Grandpa, his fingers nervous at his walrus mustache. Then he said strangely, "Please, Meesta Casey, come in my

office." The man's sad eyes were appealing to Grandpa. "Maybe you help a me?"

Grandpa looked at his watch. "I can spare five minutes," he said.

Rinaldo's office was more of a storeroom. It was crowded with kegs and cases stacked on a floor of wine-smelly sawdust. Against one wall, under a brewer's calendar, a small and ancient safe, on its flat top a bottle and glasses, a shorthanded axe and a chisel. Under a cobwebbed window, one chair and a kitchen table, with a green blotter on it to make it a desk.

Closing the door, Rinaldo turned to Grandpa and spoke in half a whisper. "I gotta bad trouble. My Tony, he's a disgrace."

"Between us and harm," Grandpa said, and no more.

Rinaldo was rubbing his hands with a nervous, a writhing movement. "My Tony's officer, he's come back. A captain. He come in to see me thees morning. He come a back any time now. He want a the mon, for my Tony, three hundred dollar."

Grandpa stared. "A fortune," he muttered, and frowning, "For what, now?"

Rinaldo's dark eyes were bright with shame. "The captain tell a me. Tony, he's mess sergeant, and the other boys, they all chip in so Tony could buy a the stuff,

not rations, but extra, like a fresh fruit and chickens. Then Tony get wounded and go to the hospital, and the new mess sergeant, he find a no mon." Rinaldo spread his hands, palms up and despairing. "Alla gone. My son, he's a thief."

Grandpa was shocked, but he didn't show it. "Not at all," he said calmly. "Them things will happen. A crap game, no doubt. The lad just intended to borrow it." And Grandpa spoke from the heart. "Sure, we all make mistakes."

Rinaldo nodded. "I know. I no mad. I give this captain the mon. He seex it. Tony no get court-martial." His sad eyes pleaded. "You help a me?"

Grandpa said with no pretense and no embarrassment, "I've got just ten dollars—If that's any help."

Rinaldo shook his head. "I got a the mon." And with a fat hand he pointed to the safe. "But this officer, he take a the mon and no give a receipt." There was an old and sad wisdom in Rinaldo's eyes and the hopeless spread of his hands. "If he lose a the mon—I got no protection."

Grandpa smiled at that. "Don't be foolish. A commissioned officer of the United States Army—his word is good as a bond, man."

Rinaldo was unconvinced, obstinate. "Please, Meesta Casey, you stay here and



He had inched it almost there when Ethel barged out to see what was what



see, a weetness for me." His tone was pleading.

Grandpa shook his head. "Twould never do. The captain would take offense. And rightly so, too."

Rinaldo's voice was excited and eager. "He no need to know. I hide you behind them cases."

Grandpa was affronted. Spying and eavesdropping? Not Thomas Casey. "Listen to me now," he said—and argued long, and well. No use. Immune to reason, the man kept saying, "I have a no weetness I no pay a the mon."

Exasperated, Grandpa wanted to walk out. He would have, too, had it not been for Tony. The poor wounded lad; and if he lived, a court-martial to face. "Where'd the best of us be without mercy?" thought Grandpa. And said crossly, "I'm due in ten minutes at Glendale Airfield. It's all nonsense, I tell you. There's no need at all. And where'll I put this bouquet, that it won't give us away, and me hiding?"

Rinaldo spread wide his arms and embraced him. The man smelled of garlic.

So there was Grandpa as the moments winged, and Aunt Ethel. In a cramped cave of cases, his bouquet beside him on the winy sawdust, he squatted, his eye to a crevice. He could see but part of the empty room—the desk and the cobwebby window. In a long shaft of afternoon sunlight the dust beams danced.

IN THE waiting stillness Grandpa could hear his own breathing, could feel his heart like a watch, ticking fast toward four o'clock. Cautiously he moved a knee to ease it. This was worse than the Forty Hours. Needing help, he asked for it silently. "Get me out of this," he prayed Saint Christopher, and remembering unasily his defiance of the morning, he added earnestly, "No hard feelings."

Coming now, Grandpa tensed, hearing footsteps, his nose like a bird dog's between the cases, pointing.

The door opened, and Rinaldo's voice was humbly polite. "Thees a way, captain. You take a the chair, please."

The captain moved into Grandpa's line of vision. A young officer, sitting slim and at ease, he put one polished boot on the desk edge. Grandpa could just see his face, shaved close and good-looking, oddly white for a man fresh-back from the Pacific. Hospital pallor, no doubt, poor lad. Amazing how young they made officers these days!

The captain's voice was smooth and sort of faintly amused. "I'm sticking my own neck out to do this." He shrugged a slim shoulder with silver bars. "But you know how it is. The honor of the regiment."

A noble sentiment that, and it moved Grandpa, brought a mist to his eyes. "Good for you, lad," he thought, and longed to say it out loud; to be done with

## She Liked Milk

▶ Little Lottie, aged four, who was spending a week with her aunt in the country, had developed a great fondness for milk. One day, having drunk as much as her aunt thought good for her, she was informed that she could not have any more.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the indignant little miss, "I don't see why you want to be so stingy with your old milk. There's two whole cowfuls out in the barn."



this hiding and peeking. "Like no man at all, but a thing in a bush," he thought.

Rinaldo moved out of sight, across the room to the safe. The officer sat waiting, relaxed and at ease. And the dusty sunlight fell bright on his chest and his service ribbons.

Grandpa knew those ribbons; like street signs he read them; his nose pressed to the cranny, he quivered with interest. The American Theater Ribbon, the Purple Heart, the Asiatic-Pacific, battle stars, too. And that next one, that bold red with the broad black stripes—Grandpa stared with amaze. He couldn't believe it—but there it was.

There sounded a faint click as the safe door closed. The captain rose to leave.

"One moment," said Grandpa suddenly. And there he was with them, his head over the cases, glaring at the captain. "Sscallywag!" he said. And then to Rinaldo, "This feller's no officer."

"Why, you—" The captain's face and his voice were ugly. "I'll pin your ears back."

Grandpa didn't budge. "Come and try," he answered, bold as a lion—behind those cases.

Sternly then, Grandpa spoke to Rinaldo's dumb wonder. "Call the police," he commanded. "The man's a criminal."

This was a cool rascal, neither abashed nor frightened. "So sorry!" he said, and his smile was contemptuous of Grandpa, "fraid I can't wait."

"I theenk you wait," Rinaldo said gently, and moved forward; in his left hand money, a sheaf of yellow bills, but in his right, the short-handled axe from the top of the safe. "Meesta Casey," he said, "you call a the police." And he added softly, "Eef this crook try to go—you call a the morgue."

The police were there in five minutes; two of them, one in plain clothes, a long, lean kind of man, with a gray fedora hat on the back of his head, and chewing a matchstick.

A mild-spoken man, he said pleasantly to the crook, "Hello, Nick. Long time no sec."

And the crook, or captain, whatever he

was, answered easily, "How's it, Harri-gan." And he added earnestly; "Take the axe from that nut, he's giving me the jitters."

The man in plain clothes spoke then to his partner, the uniformed policeman. "Let's go," he said, and cheerfully, "I got a hunch Nick will sing for us."

"You know him," Rinaldo faltered, "he sing?"

The plain-clothes man grinned. "That's copper talk for spilling what he knows—turning state's evidence."

The policeman in uniform added, "We know him, all right."

The plain-clothes man nodded. "Nick's come up in the world," he said affably. "Just a small-time grafter before the war. He's got a new racket now, but good."

The plain-clothes man rolled the match in his mouth. "Shaking down the families of service men." Under the ease of the plain-clothes man's voice was a cold and quiet anger. "All over the U.S. the rats are after the government dough, the dependency and insurance payments of the men overseas." The policeman spat out his match. "Big business, ain't it, Nick?"

GRANDPA breathed deep and stopped quaking. Rinaldo said wondering, "But he know my Tony. He tell a me about him."

The plain-clothes man nodded. "They watch the papers for news items on service men. He or one of his mob prob'ly cased your neighbors, pumped them for all they knew." The plain-clothes man pushed back his gray fedora and frowned. "I don't get it," he said. "How'd you wise up to him?"

Rinaldo gestured wide to Grandpa. "Thees a man! My frien—my smart a friend, Meesta Casey."

All their eyes on him, Grandpa smiled modestly. "A mere trifle," he said, and to the plain-clothes man, as one expert to another, "These criminals, they always make one slip, don't they?"

The plain-clothes man looked doubtful. "Nick's a smooth worker. I don't see how—"

Grandpa said quietly, "Look at his

ribbons, officer. See that one there, the red and black? He got that one for serving in Nicaragua, in 1912 that was—before he was born."

There was brief silence, while they all stared at Grandpa. Then the plain-clothes man spoke for them all, and respectfully, "You sure know your stuff, old-timer." Pushing back his hat, he scratched his head. "You can't be a G man," he said thoughtfully. "What are you, mister, a Private Eye?"

*Gloria mundi*, this was it! Grandpa beamed with delight. For one second tempted, he would not lie. "I'm retired these days," he answered modestly.

The plain-clothes man put out a muscular hand. "Shake," he said; and shaking, "Any time, anything I can do—the name's Harrigan, detective division, give me a ring." That was all. They took Nick away.

Rinaldo was weeping, fat tears down his cheeks. "My Tony," he said. "My first a born. He's a no crook. Eef it wasn't for you, Meesta Casey, I never know." He spread wide his plump arms. "You take a the mon. My store. Anything, my friend, you just ask."

Grandpa sat limp on a case, with his best linen handkerchief wiped his brow. When one is seventy-odd, triumph itself can be exhausting. "A little wine, maybe," he said weakly.

"My best-a," cried Rinaldo happily. "My import sherry."

Serenely smiling, Grandpa watched him pour. A strange thing now, and hard to believe, Grandpa's guardian angel must have whispered, "Ethel!" *Gloria mundi*, how fleeting! How soon snatched away! As if pinched by spirit fingers, Grandpa stood quick. The virtue of this man, the iron will! "Stop," he said firmly. "Not now. I can't wait."

Rinaldo stared in amaze and sorrow.

He thought of it then, as he turned to go. "Where the devil's that bouquet?" It was where he'd tucked it, safe on the sawdust between two kegs. And away with him for a taxi.

Rinaldo followed him out to the door, still perturbed, and asking anxiously, "But no foolin', you like a the sherry?"

In his haste, hardly hearing, hardly knowing he answered. As we moderns would say, his subconscious answered. "Never yet had enough of it," Grandpa said, and was gone, clutching roses that drooped.

The plane was long in when he reached the field, and Ethel long gone. He tracked down the porter who had put her in a taxi. "Yas sah," the porter said. "Kind of powerful lady, kind of mad acting." And he added sadly, "She give me a dime."

"Her to a T," said Grandpa, thanked the man with a quarter.

Riding home on the streetcar, Grandpa thought things out. A difficult situation

this, and requiring diplomacy. The thing of it was, he could not tell Ethel just what had delayed him. All Ethel would fasten to was, what was he doing in a package store?

When he walked in there was silence. There they were waiting, in the living room, the two of them; Katie's young eyes troubled, Ethel's indignant. With glittering fingers she tucked up her hat veil to see him.

Boldly and smiling, he answered her accusing silence. "Sorry I missed you, Ethel dear." And secure in the innocence of his breath, he walked over and kissed her. Presented his bouquet. "Just a small token," he said modestly. "Tea roses."

The roses helped. "You shouldn't, Thomas," she said. "You can't afford it." But she gave him a wintry smile, and listened, judgment suspended, to his tale.

Without batting an eye, he told it. The taxi he took to the airfield blew a tire and went off the road. And he added details to make it convincing. "Just by the gates of Forest Lawn. That's a cemetery, Ethel," Grandpa explained. "And we'll

~~~~~  
 ▶ If you lend a friend five dollars
 and you never see him again, it's
 worth it.
 ~~~~~

—JUDGE

~~~~~  
 take you there one of these days. No, no," he said then to her look of outrage, "just to see it, I mean. Like a park it is, a show place. Flowers and birds and a wee church where they marry the movie stars—and a marble palace, no less, where they burn 'em up, and little drawers for them after and an organ playing. Artistic's the word," said Grandpa. And truthfully at last, "'Twould give you the creeps,"

It was then Ethel sniffed her tea roses, held them close to breathe deep their fragrance.

Over those roses, her eyes turned strange, were glaring again. She handed to Katie the dangling blooms. "Smell!" she snapped.

Katie obeyed and looked distressed.

Puzzled now and indignant, "They ain't orchids," said Grandpa crossly, "merely tea roses."

"Not tea," said Ethel. "Wine roses, Thomas. Smell them yourself, you wicked old man."

In painful silence Grandpa smelled. They did have a winery odor, and a few flecks of sawdust fell from them. "Oh my," he thought, "I never should have left them between those kegs." But he stood his ground and fought back, lied bravely. "That's Hollywood for you," he said. "They water them with wine to force the blooms."

Ethel didn't answer, nor need to. The face on her called him a liar.

With the anger of righteousness, "Listen to me, woman, not a drop have I taken. Nor a drop in the house."

Katie said gently, "That's true, Auntie. Grandpa never touches wine."

The doorbell rang. The back door. Glad to escape, Grandpa hastened to answer it. Opened the door to a strapping young fellow. "T. J. Casey?" he asked.

Wondering, "I am then," said Grandpa. "Rightly," said the fellow. "Stand back, Pop." And the man rolled in—heaven help us—a wine keg.

Violently, Grandpa shook his head. "No, no," he whispered, and desperately, "Take it away. Some mistake."

The fellow smirked. "No mistake," he assured Grandpa. "Your baby." And with loud and jovial impudence, "Ought to last you the week end, Pop." And behind his departure the back door slammed.

No sound from the living room. With desperate and silent haste, Grandpa rolled the thing toward the closet. He had inched it almost there, when Ethel barged out to see what was what. She saw. In dreadful silence she read the label. Read it aloud. "To the best of my customers, with love and gratitude—Anthony Rinaldo, Sr. Fine Wines and Liquors."

A man can take but so much. Grandpa's morale cracked. In confusion now and in panic, "A little tonic for Katie," Grandpa said weakly. "A spoonful with meals."

Ethel gave him a look would stop a clock. And just one word. Firmly and finally, "Dipsomania," she declared and walked back to the living room.

Grandpa sat on the keg and thought about life, dark thoughts and long. It just wasn't fair, when you tried to do right.

In the living room Ethel talked on and on. Grandpa heard but little, and all of that bad. And Katie just listened. 'Twas that hurt most. His little Katie, deserting him now, believing the worst. "'Tis the way of the world," he thought, "'tis Ethel can do for her."

Katie's voice now. To know the worst, and be done with it, he neared the door to listen, to hear her agree with her wealthy aunt.

Katie's convent school voice. "But Joe and I have it all settled, Auntie. If we do have a son—" a gentle voice, but gently defiant—"he is going to be named—Thomas Casey Polaski."

The music of that. And more, too. "You see, Auntie dear, Joe wants his son to live like my Grandpa." Katie's dear voice, and proud. "With ill will to no one."

As always in times of deep emotion, Grandpa spoke in his mind to his long dead wife. Proudly to her, and eagerly. "Did you hear that, Nora!" With the back of a shaking hand he wiped away tears. "Thomas Casey Polaski," he whispered, and his smile was pure happiness. "That Casey, Nora—it does kind of swing the Polaski."

Compulsory

G.I. Training?

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

Current strategy is to enact peacetime military training before the European war ends



Balanced diet is offered as a good feature of camp life

A PLAN for military or naval training for every able-bodied American boy after the war is won is taking shape for action by the new Congress. The training would be compulsory and it would be fitted into the young man's life between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three. It would catch some youths just as they were leaving high school, others as they were leaving college. Only the physically disabled would be excused from giving a year of their lives to Uncle Sam as a fledgling GI in a military or naval training camp.

Proponents of the scheme will press for quick action, if possible, before the robin returns from the south, for they are fearful that once the war is over the public's interest in future preparedness will wane and the traditional aversion to military conscription of any kind will reassert itself. The strategy is to get it written into law before the war in Europe ends, before the war-weary veterans begin to come home from the mud of France and Germany and the foxholes of the South Pacific Islands.

Although universal military training

would be a sharp turn-around for the American people who have always regarded conscription as alien to the American tradition of freedom, it appears to have more popular support now than at any time in the country's history. The training scheme, when it comes up in Congress, will have the backing of President Roosevelt, the Secretaries of the War and Navy departments, General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, the American Legion, and, odd to relate, many of the liberals, including among others the editor of the liberal mouthpiece, the *New Republic*.

Contrary to popular belief, this proposal to pluck a year out of the life of every able-bodied American boy's life for military training is not a new thing. George Washington supported the first bill introduced in Congress to establish universal military service. The House rejected it with indignant outcries: it was "militaristic"; it was "too vast a federal power." The doughty veteran militiamen in that early Congress declared that they could protect themselves with their own flintlocks.

Again and again after almost every war in which the United States has engaged, attempts were made in the interest of future preparedness to provide a citizen reserve army through universal military training. And each time the people would have none of it.

There has always been, in fact, in this country a violent dislike for conscription of any sort. Anyone who has read the



Army Signal Corps

The military intend no mere CCC camps, but realistic combat training

military history of the country will recall President Lincoln's difficulties in enforcing conscription in the closing months of the Civil War. It was the conscription act passed by Congress in March 1863 that inspired the draft riots which drenched the streets of New York City with blood for a week.

Thousands of immigrants, whose descendants furnished large contingents to American armies who fought the first and are now fighting the second World War, fled from their European homelands to escape hateful compulsory military service. They helped to keep alive the native prejudice against conscription.

In the months when the United States was standing anxiously on the sidelines of the first World War, the mood of the country was aptly expressed in the popular song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." For the first time that prejudice was broken down after the nation accepted the challenge of Germany in 1917, because people realized that in a war that required the mobilization of full military strength conscription was the only fair way of raising an army. But once the war was won the old aversion returned.

In 1919, the Senate Military Affairs Committee, deciding that it was time to provide an adequate defense for the nation's future security, held hearings for nine months on a bill which provided, among other things, for universal military training. It had impressive backing from General John J. Pershing, then at the height of his fame, and from other military

men of reputation. But the leaders of both political parties warned the committee that if the universal service provision stayed in they would kill the whole bill. So that provision was taken out.

As it was passed the 1920 National Defense Act authorized a skeleton regular army of 19,000 officers and 280,000 men, a strength that was not attained until some fifteen months before Pearl Harbor, because appropriations by succeeding Congresses provided for only 12,000 officers and 116,000 men.

It is the fear that the country may again drop back, after this war is won, into the apathy toward defense measures that followed the end of the last world war that accounts for the eagerness of the President and other advocates of universal military training to get a bill through in the early weeks of the next Congress.

But there are many thoughtful people, not all of them opposed to universal military service in principle, who oppose hasty action at this time. The Catholic Bishops of the country, the Federal Council of Churches, the American Federation of Labor, and several chambers of commerce have gone on record against the enactment of a military training act while the war is on.

The Bishops, without pronouncing judgment for or against conscription, took the position in a resolution passed at the recent meeting in Washington that determination of a national policy in this matter should be deferred.

"This problem," says the resolution, "should not be settled until after the end of

the war and we know what the international situation shall be.

"Those now serving in the Army and Navy should be given an opportunity to express their views on this measure before it is enacted."

A resolution adopted by the Federal Council of Churches a few days after the Bishops spoke, expressed the view that to change the country's historic policy with respect to conscription now "might be so interpreted as to prejudice the postwar settlement and jeopardize the possibility of achieving the kind of world order reflected in our Government's war aims."

The American Federation of Labor suggested that President Roosevelt appoint a national committee representing the armed forces, organized labor, management, farm, and educational organizations to make a thorough study before Congress is asked to pass upon a policy.

As yet there is no plan on which all proponents agree, but if the scheme set forth in two pending universal training bills, one by Representative James W. Wadsworth, author of the Selective Service Act, and Senator Cham Gurney, Republican of South Dakota, and the other by Representative Andrew May, Democratic chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, is adopted, every able-bodied male would spend a year learning the rudiments of warfare before he settled down to civilian life.

If the views of the Army and the Navy prevail, the year of compulsory military training would be patterned, with some modifications, after the regimen worked out in the last three years for the training of conscripts for actual combat.

Wartime standards of fitness for service would be lowered, thus opening the doors of military and naval training centers to between 800,000 and 1,000,000 of the 1,200,000 males who reach the age of eighteen each year. Only those physically or mentally disabled would be excluded.

One of the depressing discoveries of the Selective Service authorities has been that one-quarter of the teen-age draftees were physically or mentally unfit for service. A high percentage suffered from carious teeth or defects of vision. A sizeable number suffered from diseases attributable to undernourishment. And far too many were illiterate.

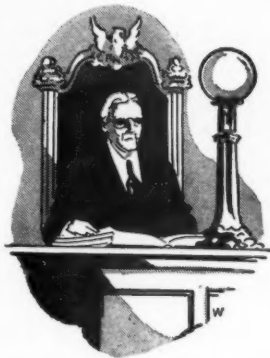
Many of these unfits had to be rejected because neither the Army nor the Navy, under the pressure of war, had the time to correct the deficiencies. But in the universal training scheme it is proposed to set up special programs to improve the health and raise the mental accomplishments of the sub-standard youths. From the day of induction until demobilization the young trainees would receive constant medical and dental care and would be put on a regimen of supervised diet and exer-



Malak—Three Lions

It is argued that knowledge of the latest weapons is a national insurance

Seeing Is Believing



queried the offender. A deep hush came over the courtroom.

"No, but I heard you," was the irate answer.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

—JOHN O'REILLY in *Irish Bulls and Puns*

cise. The attainment of physical fitness would be one of the goals of the training. And those who were illiterate or whose educational attainments were below the minimum expected of a common school graduate would be given special instruction. Army and Navy medical authorities estimate that between 200,000 and 300,000 each year would benefit in health and education from this special attention to physical and mental handicaps.

Hand in hand with this upbuilding of physical health would go a training in the art of warfare based upon the lessons learned in this war. All the physically fit would be given thirteen weeks of basic training comparable to what inductees now receive in the reception centers—how to march, how to shoot and take down and put together a rifle, how to care for their own health in the field, how to police a barracks and a kitchen, how to obey orders. After that each trainee would move on to special training in the wide range of vocations that men must be proficient in to wage modern warfare—communications, chemistry, meteorology, internal combustion engines, electronics, aviation, maintenance and repair of motor equipment, and a dozen other technical skills.

Much of this training—if the plan is adopted—would be given in the special service schools that the Army and the Navy have set up all over the country during the present war.

Under the Wadsworth-Gurney bill a youth would be eligible to take his year of compulsory military training on attaining the age of eighteen, and he would have to take it before attaining the age of twenty-two. The May bill provides that a boy must report for induction on attaining the age of seventeen, or upon successful

completion of the full course of a high school or preparatory school, whichever occurs first. President Roosevelt, having in mind that a boy might want to complete his college course without losing a year after high school before taking his military training, would extend the time for induction to the age of twenty-three.

Approximately two-thirds of the inductees would go into the Army training centers, the other third into the Navy. Each inductee would have the right to express a preference, and the Wadsworth-Gurney bill directs that, in so far as practicable, the preference should be respected. Whether a boy would be allowed to choose his branch of the service would depend, in a measure, upon aptitude tests such as are given to inductees under the Selective Service system.

NONE of the pending bills provides for compensation while the youth is undergoing training, although some advocates of the plan believe that nominal monthly pay would be desirable so that the inductee would not be dependent upon the folks at home for pocket money.

The Wadsworth-Gurney bill specifically exempts the trainee from peacetime military service outside the country during the period of training, but the May bill contains no such exemption. Both bills provide, however, that upon completing training, the trainee should be enrolled in the land or naval forces as a reservist, subject to such refresher training as may be prescribed by law or by regulations promulgated by the President. The May bill would make the trainee liable for call as a reservist for eight years after demobilization from the training center, the Wadsworth-Gurney bill for four years.

As an inducement for continued service

in the armed forces, the Wadsworth-Gurney bill offers relief from liability for training as a reservist to any trainee who, after completing his training, serves a year in the Navy, Marine Corps, or Regular Army, or three years in the National Guard or Organized Reserves.

It is not yet clear that the White House and the military authorities are in complete accord as to how much emphasis should be placed upon military training in the year of service that each able-bodied American boy would be expected to give to his country.

On the two recent occasions when the President has discussed the subject he has emphasized the benefits to health and the vocational training useful in civilian life that would be acquired. He has softened the military training aspect and has sought to justify the universal service scheme on the assumption that every youthful citizen owed a year of his life to the service of his country. Mrs. Roosevelt has advocated a similar contribution to the Government by all able-bodied young women in a corresponding age range.

But a government vocational-training program—a sort of Civilian Conservation Corps with a little of the manual of arms thrown in—is certainly not what the Army and the Navy have in mind. While the upbuilding of health and training in vocational skills would be incidental benefits, the primary objective, as the military authorities envisage it, would be to create a citizen reserve army trained in the complex art of modern warfare.

As Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal recently stated the case for universal training: "When war was more simple an American was at least partially prepared to defend his country if he had a rifle and knew how to use it. That isn't true in these days of rockets and radar. . . . If there is another war we won't have time to do that training after the shooting starts."

As between the White House and the military authorities, the latter seem to have the sounder objective. Not many parents would assent to having their boys at the threshold of manhood give a year of service to the Government merely to improve their health or correct deficiencies in their education. These objectives could be more efficiently attained by spending more public funds on health and education while the boys were in school. The foundation of health usually is laid before the age of eighteen is reached, and it is in that formative period that a program of health improvement would achieve best results.

The only objective, so it seems to the writer, that would reconcile parents to turning their boys over to Uncle Sam for a year of their lives would be the imparting of military training that would provide a trained citizen reserve army as a guarantee of the future security of the country.



These four babies were ransomed from death at the cost of a few dollars to prevent their exposure

A YEAR under a decade before these pictures were taken a weary coolie jogged into the Mission at Chihkiang, Hunan, and unshouldered his carrying pole to deposit his burden on the ground. This proved to be four baby girls, riding two each, front and rumble seat, in the big rice baskets he carried. Father Cormac Shanahan, C.P., had saved them from death at the Mission of Kaotsun one day's journey away across the mountains. The Sisters of St. Joseph were called. At first sight of their black religious habits the four babies howled, as shown above.

But nine years can make a difference, as is demonstrated in the companion picture below. These same girls now love the Sisters who gave them a home.



One would hardly believe these four smiling girls are the same four sad little babies pictured above

Rosie

Nine years ago four babies were frightened at the sight of Sisters. But nine years can make a difference, as a maid named "May-Kway" effectively proves

By CASPAR CAULFIELD, C.P.

ONE of these school girls is named "May-Kway," which means "Beautiful Rose." It is of her these pictures speak. The Sisters of St. Joseph have rescued and cared for more than five hundred and fifty abandoned baby girls since coming to China. The labor and expense involved can best be shown by studying what must be done for one child. Rosie gladly models for you what the average orphan wears and uses.

Packed away in Rosie's suitcase are three changes of clothing for summer and winter, including an expensive, cotton-padded, quilt suit for the coldest days. Besides stockings and towels she has eight pairs of cloth-soled shoes, for she scuffs through their bottoms in jig time at play in the schoolyard.



The initial cost of saving a child's life is small; supporting her is quite an expensive undertaking



Schoolbooks, pads, and pens are just some of the things a little girl needs for her school work

ROSIE'S desk shows a stack of practice pads for writing. Rosie makes her own ink by putting water on a slate slab and rubbing an ink stick back and forth in it. Her pen is a tiny brush. To practice she traces the daubs and dashes of Chinese characters hundreds of times until she can execute them perfectly. Her studies are the four "r's," reading, in Chinese, 'riting, with a brush, 'rithmetic, on the abacus, and religion from a Chinese catechism.

Three times daily Rosie sits down to hot meals of rice spiced with vegetables. She consumes four big baskets of rice a year. Sister Rosario looks on while Father Marcellus weighs Rosie to prove that the rice she eats in twelve months is double her poundage.



Clothing for all seasons swells each child's budget, not to mention shoes, firewood, medical care, etc.

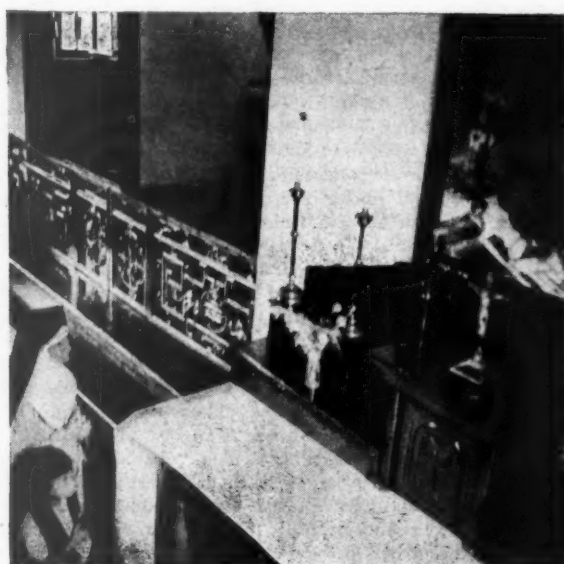
WHEN winter comes Rosie keeps warm at an ingenious heating arrangement called a "fire basin." Beneath the grating in the wooden frame shown above is a pan of glowing charcoal. Here Rosie toasts her toes while memorizing lessons and mending.

Each day Rosie visits the chapel to pay a visit to St. Joseph, Patron of the Sisters. She beseeches him to be kind to those benefactors in America whose generosity enables the Sisters to care for her.

Some nine years hence when Rosie is old enough she will leave the orphanage in marriage to a good Catholic husband. You may be sure that the tears she shed on first seeing the Sisters will be outmatched by her tears at the heartbreak of parting from them.



Rice is the biggest cost of all. A healthy girl will eat at least double her weight in rice each year



But St. Joseph finds ways and means. Benefactors are remembered in prayer each day at the orphanage

Valiant Woman of China



Tuan Maria was only four feet tall and weighed only eighty pounds, but she had a spirit of heroic proportions



Postulant Mary Teresa Tuan. This extraordinary girl shared the trials and the glory of the Sisters' apostolate

WITH the sudden and unexpected death of our first native sister, Sister Mary Teresa Tuan, a chapter has closed in the history of our pioneers in China. The cable announcing her death on Ascension Thursday, May 18, 1944, stated merely that her death occurred after a short illness. A letter written on May 22 by Sister Finan, while she was still under the shock of this irreparable loss, adds few details. The facts are briefly these. Sister Teresa's eyes were apparently cured on the last day of a novena which she and the Sisters made to Saint Gemma for that intention. On the same day, however, she complained of severe abdominal pains, and though several doctors were called, including one from Yale in China, none could declare the cause of her death, which occurred within a few days. She is buried beside Sister Catherine Gabriel in the Yüanling cemetery, where five of our Sisters now lie.

The following reminiscences may help to perpetuate the memory of our little Sister, whom to know was to love. The five pioneer Sisters who went out from Convent Station in 1924 to make a foundation in Yüanling, then known as Shen-chow-fu, met her and needed her at every turn for the next twenty years. It may be said that God sent her to them as a veritable guardian angel. Born of a Christian family, and educated in arts when such an education was rare for girls, little Marie

had the touch of an expert in using the brush to write the Chinese language, and was also skilled in interpreting these difficult characters. In addition, she was a gifted artist, and an expert in producing exquisite embroidery.

Marie had spent many years with the Canossian Sisters in Hankow. Learning from the Reverend Walter Campbell, C.P., first American Passionist to die in China, that he was looking for one or two Chinese girls to accompany five Sisters from the United States into the interior of Hunan, she promised to consider the matter, and to give him her answer after seeing the Sisters.

She must have been pleased with what she saw on their arrival, for many a time in later years she told how much she was impressed by their manner and by their strange habit. Accordingly, true to her word, she consented to be not only their escort, but also their teacher, adding, moreover, that if she approved of their way of life, she might in time ask to become one of them.

That first trip up the river was memorable. The party consisted of five Sisters just arrived from America with no knowledge of Chinese; two Chinese girls with no knowledge of English; four Passionist priests; and two Chinese boys. The Yuan River at the time was infested with

bandits, by whom they were eventually held up and robbed of all their possessions on December 3, 1924. That Marie was able to save her watch was owing to her natural ingenuity in contriving to hold it carelessly in her hand, wrapped in a dainty handkerchief.

It was some time before the bandits finally left the boat, the party narrowly escaping death at their hands. The priests, knowing that there were further dangers ahead, explained the necessity of turning back to Hankow. Before they reached that city the feast of the Immaculate Conception arrived, the day on which the Sisters of Charity make their annual renewal of vows. So with the little boat for their chapel they performed this sacred act while sailing down the river, to the amazement and edification of their Chinese companions.

During the next six months in Hankow the Sisters found Marie an excellent companion and guide. Here in her home town, where she lived with her grandmother and brother, she was able to render real assistance to the weary exiles. When in June 1925 the river was declared free of bandits, the party set out again for Hunan. After the first trying experience Marie's girl companion could not be induced to make the trip a second time; but Marie herself did not hesitate to leave the safety of Hankow for the unknown terrors of the wild inland country.

By SR. TERESA MIRIAM

On their arrival in Yüanling Marie had much to endure, of which the Sisters were long ignorant. To the pagans she was "a walking dog of the foreigners"; to the Christians she was a teacher from "down river" given a position which they coveted for themselves. She was often hungry. Her Hankow diet differed from that of the Hunanese, and she found no one willing to aid her in getting home food, none but Tong Joseph, a boy who quietly managed to help the brave little stranger, and who has never forgotten the trials or those early days. He is now a successful business man, who has shown his esteem for the Sisters by adopting a child from their orphanage.

Tuan Hsien Sheng, which translated means "teacher," was everywhere, picking up a word of English here and there, and complimenting the Sisters on each new word in their Chinese vocabulary. Then in 1927 came the Communist uprising. It was a critical time. Marie attended every Communist meeting, and there listened to all the plotting and planning for the expulsion and destruction of the foreigners. By stealth she managed to return to the Sisters and priests, warning them to escape before it was too late. On boats which had to be manned by priests because the Chinese were afraid to help the foreigners, the faithful Marie once more accompanied the Sisters down the river.

Harassing as was this experience, it was not without its compensations. Indeed as the Sisters look back on the succession of hardships they faced in the first years, they see how God protected them from the beginning, and raised up friends in time of need. It was at Changteh, the Rice Bowl, that they met the Chang family who under cover of darkness smuggled chickens, eggs, and other needed food to their boat. This meeting brought about the entrance into the community of its second Chinese postulant, one of the daughters of this kind family, who as Sister Mary Joseph Chang labored zealously in the mission field until her death in 1939.

At Hankow American gunboats and British steamers were waiting to take on their nationals and proceed to Shanghai. From that port all "foreigners" were supposed to leave the country. It was a great trial to the Sisters that they were obliged to part with their faithful guide when they transferred to the American ship. But Chinese law was inexorable, and Marie had to remain in Hankow.

Two weeks later when the Sisters were settled in a house in Shanghai procured for them by the Passionists, a joyful surprise awaited them. They could scarcely believe their eyes when in a ricksha laden with live chickens, eggs, and other provisions, Marie suddenly appeared at their door. Once again she had found a way. Word had reached her in Hankow that

the Sisters were starving, and again braving the perils of a river trip, she found her way to the coast in a small Chinese boat. From that day until the day of her death she never left them again.

It was in October 1928 when peace had returned and the Sisters were back in Hunan that Marie entered the community. After a thorough religious training under Sister Marie Devota Ross, her novice mistress, she was professed on the feast of the Sacred Heart in 1931. On this occasion the whole city, pagan and Catholic alike, in contrast with the hostile reception accorded her a few years earlier, turned out *en masse* for the celebration with beautiful gifts of rare value. One pagan family went so far as to express the wish that she would one day be a bishop! After this great celebration, which is still a tradition in Yüanling, she was appointed to go to Hankow as companion to Sister Electa, who needed medical treatment. This was designed as an opportunity for the newly professed to visit her home and family again, a pleasure which she had richly merited. But as the Great Hankow Flood of 1931 was at its height, the two Sisters were obliged to push on to the General Hospital in Shanghai. There it was dis-

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 ▶ They deserve not to be forgotten  
 who have forgotten themselves.  
 —VAPERAU  
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covered that Sister Electa's condition required a trip home to the United States. Once again, therefore, as so often in the past, Sister Mary Teresa Tuan was thrown back on her own resources to find her way back alone. With her innate courage and initiative she made her way to the Hengyang mission of the Loretto Sisters of Kentucky, to whom she endeared herself as she had to us, while waiting for the Passionist Procurator to arrange for her trip home.

It was in 1933 that the second band of five Sisters of Charity set out from Convent Station for Hunan. In the loneliness of the first days in that strange land they were cheered by this charming little Sister, who used her best broken English to welcome them and make them feel at home. Though slight in build, weighing only eighty pounds and standing four feet high, her bright smile scattered sunshine, and her powers of mimicry never failed to keep us from thinking too much of home. She could imitate perfectly the characteristics of each Sister, and this she would cheerfully do on request. She had a store of humorous anecdotes which she enjoyed recounting. One that she liked to recall was an answer she made to her superior on being called. "Hold your horses!" was good idiom, neither in Chinese nor in English; but the unconscious *faux pas* was good entertainment when repeated years

later. She liked to tell, too, about the careful training she received from her "nobbis" mistress. To all her pleadings regarding the heat, Sister Devota would simply say in Chinese, "Keep one foot moving before the other." This meant in plain words, "heat or no heat, we visit the sick." The saintly mistress strove to teach her lovable novice how to sanctify all her actions.

With this solid diet of spiritual food it is no wonder that Sister Teresa Tuan grew into a religious of exalted faith and virtue. It is no wonder that she accepted with resignation the personal sorrows which the Japanese war brought to her. Shortly after the fall of Hankow she received word of the death of her nephew and his son. It was the last time she heard any news of her family. It was not long after this that bombs began to fall on Yüanling. During each attack the Sisters fled with the children to a place of comparative safety, coming back when the "All clear" was sounded. Sister Teresa, who had shown such high courage in the presence of danger, had a strange terror at the mere mention of an air attack. This fear impaired her health. During one of the air raids in October 1941 she fell down an embankment in her haste to escape, breaking her ankle in the fall. Unable to move until help came, and in mortal terror of the planes overhead, her sufferings were excruciating. There were no X rays, and no way to set the broken bone. The pain she suffered during the weeks that followed is hard to imagine. Every morning at eight o'clock two men hired for the purpose would carry her on a stretcher out to the country, where she would remain until sundown with a few faithful followers. Then she would be carried back to the convent.

When Sister Finan came to the United States for business purposes it was planned that Sister Teresa would be her companion. The Sisters were anxious for her to see the motherhouse of the community, and she looked forward with delight to the meeting with her American sisters. But a bitter disappointment awaited her when, after a journey of five days, she was officially informed that the condition of her eyes would exclude her from admission to the United States. With a breaking heart she bowed her head in humble submission, said good-by to Sister Finan, and smiled, "I see America in heaven; I go back to my Chinese people."

The deep spirituality which Sister Teresa Tuan displayed on all occasions requiring heroism, was not a recent acquisition. She was descended from ancestors whose Christianity dated back one hundred years. She is a loss not only to the community, but to the Church. Her noble life must have merited a favorable answer to her oft-repeated prayer: *Tien Chu ko lien Ngo. Tien Chu chiu Ngo!* "Christ our God have pity on me, and Lord save me!"

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

Picture of the Year

Already a screen classic, *GOING MY WAY* is this reviewer's nomination as the finest motion picture released during the past year. Critics and public alike, with some scattered and very minor exceptions, have acclaimed it as delightful entertainment. More than that, it is a splendid tribute to the priesthood and the Catholic way. That it has had a tremendous effect on those outside the Church is without question. In its own way the film has reached countless millions who might otherwise have had little or no contact with the Catholic Church. For this reason and because it is also a superlative combination of wholesome humor, brilliant characterization, and fine music, it compares favorably with the most distinguished films of all time.

Simple in theme and developed in an unpretentious manner, it achieves a blend of artistry and warmth rarely duplicated. Leo McCarey, as author-director-producer, Bing Crosby, and Barry Fitzgerald have accomplished this minor miracle through their understanding and sympathetic approach to the difficult task of translating the character sketches into screen form.

McCarey's story was not intended to be a complete study of priestly activities. Rather was it intended as a humorous and thoroughly human depiction of the relationship between two men of different outlook and manner in handling the problems so familiar to every rectory. As portrayed, they exemplify the distinct variance of two generations on nonessentials, yet both strive and devote their lives to the same goal. Within the bounds it has set, the production is a grand achievement, calling for at least one return visit in order to appreciate fully all the subtle character shadings and spirited dialogue.

The role of Father O'Malley, the personable young priest with a modern approach, was a radical departure for Crosby. For the first time he has managed fully to submerge the crooner personality and stand out as a dramatic actor of exceptional ability. Fitzgerald, who has a long record of distinguished success with the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and on Broadway, will undoubtedly win an Academy Award for his magnificent interpretation. Acknowledgment is due also to the pleasant personality and lovely voice of Risë Stevens and the supporting performances of Frank McHugh, Jean Heather, Gene Lockhart, James Brown, Eily Malyon, the Robert Mitchell Boys Choir, Stanley Clements, Carl Switzer, Adeline DeWalt Reynolds as the old Irish mother, scenarists Frank Butler and Frank Cavett, and the producers, Paramount Pictures Inc.

The principal laurels, however, must be reserved for McCarey, whose foresight, faith, and ability played so large a part in bringing the story to the screen after several disappointments. At an hour in our history when moral values are being ruthlessly cast aside, it is heartening to discover that Hollywood is capable of turning out a production that is morally strengthening, physi-



Brilliant characterizations by Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby made "*Going My Way*" the finest motion picture produced in 1944

cally relaxing, and completely enjoyable. That combination so seldom duplicated makes *Going My Way* THE SIGN selection as the outstanding motion picture of 1944.

Other Outstanding Films

During the twelve-month period just past, the moviemakers also mirrored national concern over the vital problems of the day and—as a result of public demand—concentrated a major portion of their efforts on providing sheer, unadulterated entertainment. If their efforts were not always up to par, at least a goodly per cent of the year's output did rate special attention for purpose, treatment, and result. Unfortunately, there are still far too many examples of moral laxity and substandard appreciation of the responsibility that goes with the glory and the profit of motion-picture production. An eventual realization of this obligation can be hoped for, but meanwhile we can only give thanks for, and to, Joseph Breen's staff and the members of the Legion of Decency for their untiring efforts.

In addition to *Going My Way*, the following productions stand out among the hundreds released during 1944: *Meet Me in St.*



Louis, The Sullivans, Hail the Conquering Hero, Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, Wilson, Since You Went Away, An American Romance, Madame Curie, and The Keys of the Kingdom.

The Keys of the Kingdom

A. J. Cronin's powerful and compelling novel, **THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM**, has survived the transition to the screen without any loss of dramatic effectiveness. The scope of the camera allows the Hollywood technicians the opportunity to exhibit their versatility by creating excellent facsimiles of both the Scottish and Chinese countrysides. That is only one asset among many, for in every department, acting, direction, and adaptation, the film bears the stamp of superior craftsmanship.

The minor points of controversy in Dr. Cronin's novel have wisely been eliminated, but the contrast between the simplicity of Father Chisholm and the suave worldliness of Canon Mealey has been underscored by the camera's eye. Though several scenes have been eliminated in the interest of brevity, it is still overlong and would benefit by additional cutting. But in general the film is so engrossing that its minute flaws need not be pointed out.

Expert casting has also served the production well. Gregory Peck, a comparative newcomer, was the perfect choice for the humble Scots priest whose trials and disappointments were exceeded only by his good works. His portrayal is carefully modulated throughout. Thomas Mitchell, Vincent Price, Rosa Stradner, Sara Allgood, Roddy MacDowall, Arthur Shields, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, James Gleason, Benson

Reviews in Brief

MINISTRY OF FEAR is an unusually fine compound of suspense, mystery, and intelligent characterization that would ordinarily be recommended as worthwhile melodrama. However, there is an implied acceptance of "mercy killing" which detracts considerably from the film's value. Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, Carl Esmond, Percy Waram, and Dan Duryea are the leading players in this spy yarn that is alternately fascinating and confusing. (Paramount)

The screen version of Moss Hart's **WINGED VICTORY** is spectacular and impressive, though it falls short of the original in some respects. There are many moments of emotional power in this story of the Army Air Force and the men in its ranks, but they are too often sandwiched between scenes of training and flight that are lengthy and repetitious. Best of the male



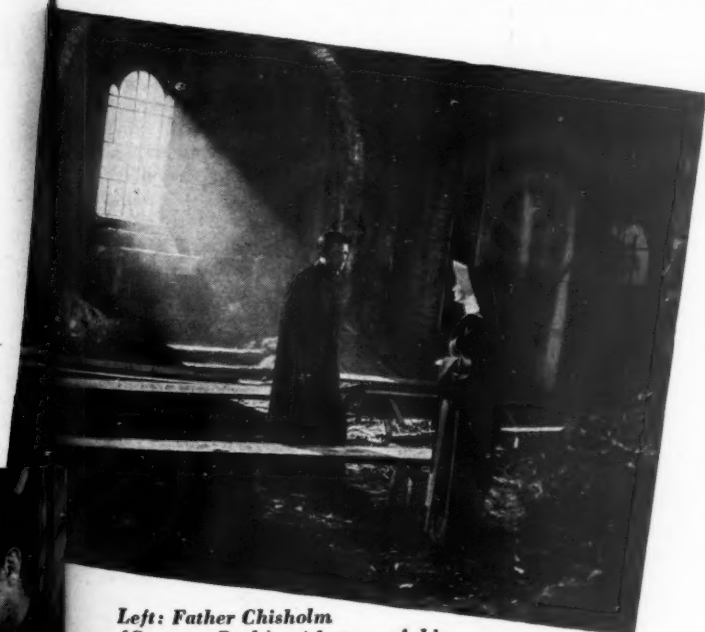
Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney as they appear in "National Velvet," a story of the Grand National Steeplechase

players is Sgt. Edmond O'Brien, in the role of the philosophizing Brooklynite. Sgt. Mark Daniels, Cpl. Don Taylor, Pvt. Lon McCallister, Sgt. George Reeves, T/Sgt. Peter Lind Hayes, Cpl. Barry Nelson, and Cpl. Ray McDonald, all former screen actors, do well by their new assignments, and Jeanne Crain, Jane Ball, Jo-Carroll Dennison, Geraldine Wall, and Judy Holliday assist in the feminine roles. Adults will find that this story of the AAF has, to a large degree, captured the true spirit, the enthusiasm, and the comradeship of the young men who fly the planes of war. (20th Century-Fox)

NATIONAL VELVET blends pictorial beauty with a strongly sentimental narrative of a young girl's intense determination that her horse shall win the famed Grand National Steeplechase. It projects an understanding and warm portrayal of family life in prewar England against a spectacular panorama of sea and landscape that is among the most beautiful ever screened. Elizabeth Taylor is superb as Velvet, and Mickey Rooney handles a subordinated role expertly. Donald Crisp, Ann Revere, Angela Lansbury, and the technicolor camera are also outstanding assets. The entire family will relish this smooth adaptation of Enid Bagnold's popular novel. (MGM)

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER is a pleasantly sentimental comedy built around the efforts of a poor family to provide relaxation for a serviceman. Combining humor and pathos, the film manages to be consistently enjoyable, with John Hodiak, Ann Baxter, and Charles Winninger contributing intelligent portrayals.

Crosby
n 1944



Left: Father Chisholm (Gregory Peck) with two of his Chinese friends in "Keys of the Kingdom." Above: The missionary and one of the nuns who share his work view the ruins of his church, destroyed by bandits

Fong, and a cast of hundreds make their vignettes live and breathe under John Stahl's able direction.

The Keys of the Kingdom belongs well to the forefront of the screen's recent productions. It serves to bring into national focus the tremendous sacrifices that are part of the daily routine in the mission field and the heroism of the men and women who devote their lives to its labors. Combined with this deserving tribute is a vigorous, yet gentle, drama that makes viewing the picture a magnificent experience for all audiences. (20th Century-Fox)

Regeneration of the adolescent Nazi is currently a matter of world concern. **TOMORROW THE WORLD**, the screen version of a popular play, will undoubtedly satisfy the majority of adult movie-goers. Skippy Homeier repeats his stage success as the indoctrinated youngster who finds the tenets of National Socialism incompatible with the American Way. Frederic March, Ruth Warrick, and Joan Carroll are more than adequate to the demands of their parts. (United Artists)

Deanna Durbin essays the role of a pioneer girl in **CAN'T HELP SINGING**, a Western romance of covered-wagon days. Though the story adheres closely to formula, the Jerome Kern music does not, and as sung by Miss Durbin seems destined for wide popularity. Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff, David Bruce, and June Vincent also assist in this pleasing, lightweight musical entry. (Universal)

Accent on Boston

The theater has turned its attention to a tradition-bound Back Bay clique in an adroit dramatization of John P. Marquand's Pulitzer Prize Novel, **THE LATE GEORGE APLEY**. Though overdrawn in spots, this microscopic study of the Apley tribe, vintage 1912, employs satiric wit, irony, and direct thrusts so humorously and effectively that only the rabid, professional Bostonian will fail to appreciate it.

Marquand's novel had an undertone of sympathy in its treatment of the Boston Brahmin; the play concentrates on the comic aspects of his rather pathetic devotion to the pattern of life laid out for him. Occasionally the characterization of various members of the socially conscious family verges on caricature. This over-reaching for comic effect is the play's major fault. It is particularly noticeable in the stridency of Margaret Dale's portrayal of George Apley's sister. Vocally and factually the role is off-key.

Leo G. Carroll is superb in the title role, handling it with the deft understanding of an actor intelligent enough to appreciate the subtleties of the character. Janet Beecher is splendid as his wife, and Joan Chandler, David McKay, and Margaret Phillips play young Bostonians with the proper combination of polite reserve and adolescent restlessness. Percy Waram, Catherine Proctor, and Reynolds Evans play the Apley in-laws superbly.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY is recommended for those adult playgoers who enjoy a literate, ingenious satire with just enough truth in its barbed humor to make it delightfully absurd to the "foreigners" and slightly irritating to the "elect."

Costly Charade

Showman Billy Rose, aspiring to the Ziegfeld mantle, has produced **THE SEVEN LIVELY ARTS** in the elaborate and recklessly extravagant style of the pre-depression theater. Glittering, besequined costumes and breathtaking background constitute the production's principal attraction. It is probably the most gargantuan husk of beauty created since Potemkin's famed creation of propped villages for the victory tour of Catherine the Great. But just as there were vast stretches of wasteland behind Russian props, there is precious little substantial humor and worthwhile music to support the awesome Rose façade of lavish stagecraft and riotous color.

Beatrice Lillie, a brilliant comedienne in those rare moments when she is not being annoyingly vulgar, returns to the American stage in one of the star roles. Bert Lahr, Anton Dolin, Alicia Markova, Benny Goodman, and a brilliant young dancer, Jere McMahon, Nan Wynn, Mary Roache, and Bill Tabbert are the other principals. But it takes more than lavishness to compensate for bawdy comedy and mediocre music. There is so much to salvage in *The Seven Lively Arts* that it would certainly be worthwhile for Producer Rose to invest in some new skits and a livelier musical score.

Applied Democracy

A **BELL FOR ADANO**, John Hersey's best-seller concerned with the aftermath of battle in liberated areas, has been given a taut and effective dramatization by Paul Osborn and handsome production by Leland Hayward. Sicily is the setting for Hersey's combined lesson in applied democracy and plea for international understanding and co-operation. The play moves at a steady pace, corraling scattered moments of comedy into an over all dramatic study that is often tragic and moving. Principal objection is to unnecessary overdependence on profanity in the tense dramatic moments. Actually this detracts rather than adds to the effectiveness of the scenes in question. The playing is brilliant, with Frederic March, Margo, Bruce MacFarlane, Everett Sloane, and Alexander Granach offering clear-cut characterizations as the American soldiers and Italian villagers involved. The drama's message, a demand for justice tempered with honesty and fairness, is particularly timely and deserving of attention in every Allied citadel from Washington to the Kremlin.

Miscellany

Prior to a nationwide tour, Shipstadt and Johnson presented their elaborate **ICE FOLLIES OF 1945** at Madison Square Garden. Lavish and glittering in the best ice-revue tradition, it features such figure-8 experts as Norah McCarthy, Hazel Franklin, Bobby Blake, Roy Shipstadt, and the team of Frick and Frack for comedy. Addicts of the ice carnivals will find this scintillating revue completely satisfying.

SADIE THOMPSON is a renovated, but not fumigated, version of the old Somerset Maugham dirge originally presented years ago as **RAIN**. The colorful decor, some ballet numbers, a cumbersome and unmusical score by Vernon Duke, oblique lines, poor singing and bad acting by June Havoc, and one splendid vocal interlude by Lansing Hatfield are the ingredients of this muddled, objectionable musical.

Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory are co-starred in **THE PERFECT MARRIAGE**, a shoddy attempt to be sophisticated and very, very modern about marriage and divorce. Its appeal is primarily for those whose mental appetite is sated by double entendre and boudoir humor.

Another glimpse into the inner sanctums of the gilded champagne set is provided by Ilka Chase in her dramatization of **IN BED WE CRY**, a novel she wrote all by herself two seasons ago. The Chase endeavor to be terribly smart about life and love resolves itself into an amateurish, ridiculous burlesque, though it was never intended as such. As star of the play, Miss Chase has given herself an unrationed supply of epigrams, lascivious display, expensive gowns, and ample opportunity to shine in the spotlight. The result for the audience is lethal, resembling a combination of amateur night on Park Avenue and a high school elocution contest.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Ten Little Indians, Hats Off to Ice, Song of Norway*

FOR ADULTS: *Embezzled Heaven, The Late George Apley, Harvey, Life with Father, Carmen Jones, Oklahoma, Bloomer Girl, Jacobowsky and the Colonel, Soldier's Wife, I Remember Mama.*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Angel Street, Anna Lucasta, Chicken Every Sunday, Kiss and Tell, One Touch of Venus, Mexican Hayride, Two Mrs. Carrolls, The Searching Wind, Snafu.*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Catherine Was Great, Follow the Girls, Sadie Thompson In Bed We Cry, The Perfect Marriage, School for Brides, Voice of the Turtle.*



You Pay the Taxes

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

IT IS almost an axiom that no one has a good word to say about taxes. They are regarded as a universal plague of mankind, as inevitable as sickness and death, and scarcely more acceptable to the children of Adam.

In the last few months, the tax problem reached the headlines of the nation's press, even competing with the news of victorious marches of our armies. The Committee for Economic Development, an organization of liberal-minded industrialists, outlined a plan which it felt would promote prosperity after the war. In a nutshell, this plan would abolish corporation taxes as such, and leave individuals with the burden of supporting the Government. The well-publicized New York financier, Beardsley Ruml, came out with approximately the same idea. In contrast, the widely circulated Twin Cities plan would tax corporations heavily, increase the burden on lower income groups, and lighten it for the rich.

The first reaction of the average man is likely to be suspicion and distrust. These schemes look too much like the old policy of letting the rich become plutocrats while the poor sink to the level of pauperism. A Catholic might contrast the Pope's appeal of September 1944 for drastic modifications in capitalism with the C.E.D. plan released but four days later. Yet such suspicions would be unjust to the sponsors of these proposals. High officials of both

great labor organizations have spoken well of the Committee for Economic Development. Its tax expert, Harold Groves, has had many articles in the columns of the *New Republic*, which is scarcely a journal of reaction. These groups condemn the really reactionary proposal for a constitutional amendment limiting income taxes to no more than 25 per cent for anyone. So it is not so simple as it seems.

There is one basic idea behind the new plans: taxes must help business to expand. Unless business grows, there will not be enough jobs to go around. Millions will be unemployed. Optimists say that there will be at least ten million out of work. Pessimists have gone as high as thirty million. In either case, there will be huge public works, an ever-increasing national debt, and still more taxes. Why not, they ask, give business a chance to put these men to work for private enterprise? A small tax relief now would save billions in levies later on. Perhaps the country could limp along at the income level of the early thirties and still survive. But it would be far better to double the income and give everyone jobs.

It may not be pleasant to think that for the rest of our lives we are going to give one-fifth of our income to the Government. But that will be necessary whatever is done. The choice before us is whether the remaining four-fifths which we keep is to be a large, steady in-

Taxes help determine whether government or private enterprise will provide your job

come or a small, uncertain dole. Give business a chance, they assert, and there will be good jobs for everyone.

Such is the argument. It is not a complaint that present taxes are too high, but merely that they are badly applied. One group, at least, would not lighten the burden of the rich, but merely spread it more expertly. It is argued that taxes today keep business from growing. Government is working on a "heads I win, tails you lose" basis. If a wealthy man invests in a new firm and is successful, he might get as much as 20 per cent return, perhaps more. But after taxes, that particular gain has dwindled to less than 2 per cent. On that basis alone, he would be foolish to take the risk. He would be better off buying government bonds.

But this is not the whole story. Not all investments pay off that well. He is bound to lose sometime. But these losses cannot be balanced against profits from successful ventures. Capital losses are not deductible from income, but only from certain capital gains. So why take a chance? Why invest money in all these bright new dreams which advertisers promise us after the war? There is too little to gain and too much to lose. The result: fine ideas, great promises, but no money for new plants and new jobs.

It is about the same story for the corporation. It is no longer possible to chance long, barren years of losses in the hope that one day great profits will set everything right. Some provision is made for one to offset the other, but not to a sufficient degree. The result is conservatism and caution. Big firms which can afford large research staffs can expand without major risk, but the others simply dare not take the chance. The concentration of power, so strongly condemned by the Pope recently, grows apace. And in the meantime millions may be looking in vain for work.

In this light, the different plans are but divergent routes which ultimately will converge on the same objective. The Twin Cities plan favors the individual capitalist who may want to invest. The C.E.D.—Ruml plans are weighted in favor of the corporation as investor. One would seem to favor entirely new enterprise, while the other envisions expansion of existing firms into new fields. But the general idea is the same: give business a chance to provide jobs.

It is hard to believe that a Catholic economist would be out of sympathy with these objectives. The teaching of the Popes is clear in regard to the relationship between government and business. The higher power, government, should not arrogate to itself functions which could be performed efficiently by lesser groups. Our present Holy Father is particularly eloquent in his plea for small business. In his radio address on the fifth anniversary of the war, he stated that: "Small and medium holdings in agriculture, the arts, trade, and industry must be guaranteed and supported." His predecessor favored heavy taxation of the wealthy both as a measure of justice and as a protection against revolutionary uprisings by the oppressed, but he also cautioned the state to insure the fullest possible functioning of economic life.

We all accept the idea that private employment is normally better than made-work. The only question is whether the methods proposed will really accomplish the task. Until recently outstanding interpreters of the papal social program, such as Monsignor Ryan, have contended for heavy corporation taxes and really substantial levies on the higher brackets of individual incomes. Their argument is that the poor and middle classes do most of our buying. If their income is cut by taxation, then less goods will be made and fewer jobs provided. On these grounds, it might be argued that the new plans are putting the cart before the horse. There must be purchasing power and a market before business will expand.

The issues concerned are too critical for academic isolation or scholarly fence sitting. Accordingly, a few tentative judgments may be attempted, with due deference to the weight of authorities on every side. In view of the apparent soundness of each position, it would seem logical to attempt a synthesis. Perhaps the irreconcilable can be reconciled.

In the past, the present writer has followed the position attributed to the liberal Catholic economists. He has held that we should add to the spendings of the many rather than to the savings of the few. He has argued that we need less rather than more saving. Today he would modify but not retract this position. The Twin Cities plan seems to have a basic weakness in that it would afford ample funds for investment, but would provide too few customers to warrant the risk of industrial expansion. A universal sales tax and heavy taxation of low incomes appears to be bad economics as well as doubtful ethics.

On the other hand, there is merit in the charge that risk-taking is discouraged by present tax laws. It is probable also that change and uncertainty have

SUCH AS HE

By Helen Olsen

His ways were ways of peace. This soldier knew
The smallest secret of each thing that grew,
How to sow a garden, or beguile
A sad and tear-stained little face to smile;

How to build a house, or fix a swing,
And how to bind a sparrow's broken wing . . .
He had a talent which few men possess,
A genius for abiding happiness.

His ways were gentle ways, and now he takes
Into that land which even hope forsakes
Such curious weapons to defend his life:
Patience and pity, and a gun and knife!

. . . Yet there is crying need for such as he,
Men who, though bedded down in hell, still see
The ramparts of their hearts' own paradise;
Men steeled in faith, compassionately wise.

These are the men in whom we put our trust.
God bless them as they do the things they must;
God comfort them until the battles cease,
And they return again to ways of peace.

played a part in deterring business from expansion. The C.E.D.—Ruml plans face this problem squarely by removing all but nominal federal taxes from business firms. (The 16 per cent tax on profits is simply a withholding tax on stockholders' dividends in this program. So it is fairly accurate to state that these plans remove corporation taxes.) The arguments for this position are too lengthy to give here. But their exposition in Groves' little book on *Production, Jobs, and Taxes* seems basically sound.

As an added incentive to ventures into untried fields, one feature of the Twin Cities plan might be tried in a highly modified form. Profits from firms which represent really new enterprises could be exempt from surtaxes for a limited number of years. Ten years might be enough to allow as an experimental figure, until experience gives us a better basis for judgment. In this way the really wealthy would have incentives to put their money to work, without being allowed to shirk their duties to society. Certainly this was the attitude of Pope Pius XI: "Expending larger incomes so that opportunity for gainful work may be abundant, provided, however, that this work is applied to producing really useful goods is . . . particularly suited to the needs of the times."

This is not the philosophy of the

twenties which held that huge sums should go to the rich so that a little might dribble down to the poor. It would provide for heavy taxation in accord with ability to pay. Unconscionable profits derived from monopoly would not be protected. But in doing all this, the baby would not be thrown out with the bath. Business could expand without penalty. The wealthy could put their money to work in giving other men jobs. The loss to the Treasury through such exemptions would be more than compensated for in the prevention of unemployment and the saving of huge sums which would be spent for made-work.

Behind these controversies lies a question of economic philosophy. On the one hand, there are those who believe in an expanding economic system with sufficient jobs provided by private industry. On the other, there are those who are resigned to stagnation and who seek to lessen the impact of unemployment through government spending. This writer, even at the risk of being called conservative or reactionary, would favor a trial of the first alternative. Taxes alone will not do the job. The question of prices and wages is equally important. But Professor Groves, Mr. Ruml, and the C.E.D. have put forth a challenging plan. It deserves a chance to prove itself.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Bar-Room Magic

► W. O. MURPHY, writing in "Ireland's Own," tells how bartenders are often victimized by unscrupulous but clever customers:

They say an old trick never ages, and if there is one that is peculiar to pubs, it is that of the conjurer and the bank-note. I saw it played once in an Ards pub just after the Ballyhart races.

When the fun is at the highest, an amateur magician commences to amuse the crowd with some simple tricks. He then asks the barman for the loan of a pound note, telling him to be sure and note the number.

On receiving it he utters a few magic words and then it has disappeared. He seems in no hurry to bring it back, and then when the barman is getting really worried, he tells him that he will find his note in his own till. The till is opened, and there sure enough is the pound note bearing the same number.

The conjurer and his pals have already gone when the barman finds that the pound note was slipped to an accomplice, who, from another barman, bought a round of drinks and received the change from the landlord's own money.

Hit-Skip Squad

► CLEVELAND'S HIT-SKIP SQUAD has upped arrests of hit-and-run drivers from 22 to nearly 70 per cent. William F. McDermott, in "Collier's" looks at a few cases:

Late at night, on a deserted Cleveland side street a few months ago, a pedestrian was struck by a speeding automobile. His body was hurled to the curb. The driver switched off his lights and fled.

Police were at the scene in a few moments. A broken radiator cap and a goddess-of-speed ornament were the only apparent clues. The battered body was taken to the morgue. The bruises, which were many and severe, were examined. Suddenly the investigator gasped; one peculiar bruise revealed a shadowy outline of something. A photograph was taken and enlarged. There, partially hidden away by the swollen discoloration of the flesh, was detected a dim imprint of the killer's car.

The blow had been so terrific that the speeding auto had etched its trademark on the victim's arm, and death had preserved it. The extensive files of the hit-skip squad immediately revealed the year the car was made, also the addresses of all owners of that specific model in the community. Police canvassing garages, sales agencies, and gas stations found an attendant who had sold such a goddess-of-speed ornament to the owner of such a car. Hit-skip squad officers traced him to the farm of a relative, where the death car had been hidden, and the hit-and-run driver was cowering in a potato bin. They got him for manslaughter. . . .

Cleveland's famous traffic police have on more than one occasion established the innocence of a motorist when circumstantial evidence against him seemed strong. There was the case where a hit-run driver killed a man, and the torn clothing and oil stains indicated that he had been dragged for some distance. Two

blocks away an abandoned auto was found, with bits of cloth and some hairs clinging to the chassis.

When the car owner was located he was so drunk he couldn't tell what had happened. But microscopic examination showed that the hair and the cloth specimen did not match. In fact, the fragments of fabric on the car were from oil rags, the hair that of a dog.

Speaking of Ads

► IN "ADVERTISING & SELLING" an article by James D. Woolf appeared called "A Lot of Ad Writers Can't Write for Sour Apples." He missed a great chance when he failed to mention the perfume ads!

Take now a look at the proverbs, many of them ages old and dearly beloved by all mankind. For example:

A man is known by the company he keeps.

A stitch in time saves nine.

A miss is as good as a mile.

A penny saved is a penny gained.

All's well that ends well.

A new broom sweeps clean.

No superlatives there! No slugging, no hammering, no screeching, no hysteria, no verbal hand grenades, no blockbusters! Yet here are deathless words, words read and believed and remembered, words as familiar and revered as the American flag.

But that isn't the way a lot of the ad men who write for the printing press and the air waves do it!

Now, I ask you, can toilet soap be so "luxurious" and "exciting" that one steps from the tub "radiantly clean, dynamically alive . . . and "utterly feminine"?

Can any wallpaper be so "amazing," such a "miracle," that it is "creating a sensation"?

Can a soap powder for dishes be so "wonderful" that "now we're all singing 'Happy Days are Here Again'?"

Can a little girl "clap her hands and cheer" when Mom brings her vitamin tablets to her?

Can any cereal, no matter how explosively it is "bursting" with Vitamin B₁, give one "hop-skip-and-jump energy"?

Can any soft drink be "exhilaratingly delicious" and "the most exciting taste sensation" one has ever experienced?

These examples, from the better magazines, are as mild as barley water compared to the ones I find in our daily press. But I haven't the heart to cite them.

Names

► PATRIOTS CHEER OUR RISING POPULATION, while students of nomenclature wonder what six million parents will select as names. Joyce Gar Agnew writes in the "New York Times Magazine":

Thousands of first names exist, but Americans tend to be conservative and repetitious. There are 6,000,000 Marys, and 4,000,000 Johns in America, and the combined ranks of John, James, Charles, George and William mount to 20,000,000 . . .

Few American parents now succumb to war's temptation,

whereas World War I often resulted in a Woodrow Lafayette Pershing Truesmith type of name. In spite of Invasia Mae Renfrow, Dee Day Edwards, a smattering of Franklins and a suspicious revival lately of Victoria, most war names have been limited to that of the family hero—the father or uncle in uniform. Nicaragua, however, has broken out with Nelsons (for Nelson Rockefeller), and it's rumored that when an English mother calls "Winston" half the kids in the block respond. . . .

A few years ago there was a mild epidemic of Scarletts and Melanies after *Gone With the Wind*. Earlier, when Richardson, Scott, Keats, Shelley and Byron fired the imagination of readers, babies were called Clarissa, Christabel, Guinevere, Launcelot, Marmaduke. There is even the case of the parents who took to heart the French proverb "A good name is better than a golden girdle," and girt their son with "Noah Harvey Herman Daniel Boone Buster Brown David Longworth."

Cigarettes

► THE CIGARETTE has come a long way, according to the statistics given by John Desmond in the "New York Times Magazine":

Of our present national problems not the least is that of the cigarette. One estimate is that three out of every four males and two out of every five females over 16 use tobacco in one form or another. Ninety per cent of them favor the cigarette. These sixty-odd million Americans, including men and women in the armed services, do away with close to a billion cigarettes a day, even in the face of the current shortage. In twenty-four hours they inhale and exhale enough smoke to throw a smoke screen twenty-seven feet high and three feet wide around Manhattan Island. . . .

The cigarette factories are still turning out cigarettes at pretty close to the billion-a-day rate. In 1944 civilian smokers will burn up about 240 billions and the armed forces 88 billions more. . . .

It was a war that introduced the cigarette to modern western society. French and English soldiers brought back from the Crimean War in 1854-56 the roll-your-own habit. Ten years later the first western European cigarette plant was operating in Paris, and in 1872 in Richmond, Va., the first American factory was established.

From that point, the cigarette has advanced consistently, but against strong social prejudices. Even as late as the early years of this century, the cigarette fiend, a pale fellow who was always a good-for-nothing and frequently a scoundrel, was a familiar character in melodrama. And the late Dr. Charles Griffin Pease found many sympathizers with his practice of snatching cigarettes from the very lips of smokers on the street.

World War I did much to break down the prejudice against the cigarette, and the more lurid vices of the Nineteen Twenties practically finished the task. Many who were in their early teens when the prohibition era dawned can remember their parents imploring, "Yes, you can smoke cigarettes if only you won't touch that bootleg hooch." That sentence epitomized the cigarette's rise to virtue. It has not since been seriously challenged.

Subway Adventure

► THE "PAN AMERICAN" tells the story of a South American visitor to New York whose knowledge of English was sufficient to get her downtown but didn't help very much on her return trip:

The old lady knew practically no English, and she had been in New York but a few days. But she was an adventuresome soul, so one fine morning she announced that she was going downtown alone. She had been back and forth several times, so her nephew—who could not accompany her that day—thought she would probably make out all right.

When she got down into the subway station, she took note of

the name painted clearly on the post, and jotted it down in her notebook so that she would not forget it upon her return. Then she entered the subway, and having asked someone to tell her when she was at "Tine Squay" she relaxed until her guide told her it was her station. She shopped happily for a couple of hours and then boarded the subway for home.

Confidently she sought her notebook, and turning to a fellow rider, she said, "No Smoking please?" The young man looked rather startled, then began to laugh. She smiled, too, and sat back. They had ridden for what seemed to her an interminable length of time, when her young neighbor got out. So she crossed the car and said to a nicely dressed woman, "Please, No Smoking," whereupon the woman burst out laughing. By this time, the little Colombian lady was beginning to sense that something was amiss, so she decided to get out at the next station. There she approached several people, with her "No Smoking," but they too laughed and went their way.

In desperation, she went out to the street, hailed a taxi and pointed to her hotel address in her address book, and sat back in a state of collapse until the driver deposited her in front of her door. It was only when she went upstairs and explained to her frantic nephew what had happened that she realized that everyone in New York had not really gone mad.

Mrs. Parkington

► AN INDICATION of the hard work that goes into the making of a movie may be got from this quotation from "Cue":

Shooting such a film as *Mrs. Parkington*, which pictures its heroine from age 18 to 84, is full of hazards. Many may be love's labor lost, but all are necessary. The star had to rise before six in the morning to get to the studio by 7:15, and work until 10 at night. It took two hours to get her behind the facial make-up that changes her into an old woman—complete with eye bags, wrinkles and old-age lines. Getting into the heavily overlaid costumes of the big bust, bustle, and mutton-chop-sleeve era took somewhat longer. But most difficult of all were the daily rehearsals to learn to walk without tripping over the long skirts; to step steadily rather than freely to prevent the bottom-bustle from swinging from side to side; and to breathe enough to sustain life under the literally breath-taking hour-glass corsets of the 1880's.

Walter Pidgeon, la Garson's leading man and co-star, grew a mustache for his role as Major Parkington. It's a modified handlebar sort of affair, with sideburns, and looks quite impressive—particularly when Parkington smokes those long cigars so popular during that period. Because they're not made nowadays, the cigars had to be rolled to order, and Pidgeon, who hates cigars, had to smoke them. He stated publicly that he was "damned glad that writer Bromfield didn't make Parkington chaw terbaccer."

Biggest scene in *Parkington* is the banquet sequence in the family's Fifth Avenue marble mausoleum of a mansion. The festive board was 60 feet long and played host to a smaller 40-foot buffet table. Both were laden with a gourmet's idea of gustatory paradise: there were roast turkeys, braised pheasants, breasts of quail, grilled chickens, huge cuts of Virginia ham, aspic, six-foot brandy-steeped fruit cakes, oysters a la poulette, sweetbreads a la reine, Philadelphia-style terrapin, Maryland lobster salad, and the fanciest collection of nougats ever seen on or off the screen.

But every bit of food—except the salads—was made of papier mache, painted plaster or ornamented cardboard. It took 60 waiters and go caterers to "serve" it. The actors, after long hours of rehearsal and shooting, watered at the mouth realistically enough—but they had to remain famished until they could satisfy their hunger, less gloriously but more realistically, at the MGM studio cafeteria around the corner from the stage.

Cautious Analyst

By JOHN WYNNE

WHEN the precise, pedantic tones of Raymond Gram Swing croon the familiar "Good even-ning" into a Washington microphone, millions settle back for a scholarly, dispassionate analysis of the day's military and political events. Swing's commentaries are not slanted for the mass audience, but rather for that select portion of it interested in probing beneath the surface of the news. Though other commentators rate higher in popularity polls, very few of them command the genuine respect enjoyed by this former foreign correspondent who rose to radio fame on the crest of the war wave.

Swing is not content merely to discuss the news. He dissects it, bit by bit, slowly and calmly, in the assured manner of the deft surgeon or the patient professor. To the armchair brigade, wearied beyond protest by the frenzied dramatics of the self-proclaimed experts, this restrained approach to globe-rocking crises is satisfying beyond expression. It helps set the listeners back on an even keel, acting as a sobering antidote for scare headlines, flash bulletins, and the Winchell *modus operandi*. To some extent this serenity is an assumed trademark. But it is also characteristic of the fastidious analyst

In the assured manner of a deft surgeon, Raymond Gram Swing dissects the day's important news

who spends twelve hours each day in the preparation of a thirteen-minute script.

The warm glow of friendliness Swing's radio listeners radiate toward him in his role of the conscientious reporter, stems from the surface objectivity of his nightly news scrutiny. This unvarnished neutrality characteristic of his air analyses is, however, simply a veneer, conveniently cast aside in writings and off-mike speeches. In these expressions of opinion, the gangling diagnostician, and radio's master of qualification, drops the cloak of impartiality. An implacable, though not always logical, foe of the industrialists, Swing is also an amateur philosopher and a subtle Soviet sympathizer. Astutely, these personal views have not been permitted to color his radio work to any great extent, but even the keenest memories cannot recall a Swing reprimand for Kremlin policy, regardless of the provocation.

Despite his surface blandness, he seethes inwardly with the righteous indignation of one who quite seriously considers himself the apostle of democracy and the torchbearer of individualism. Frequent espousal of leftist causes evidently does not strike him as inconsistent with this belief.

Swing is an outwardly placid combination of just such specious reasoning, detachment from reality, and contradictions. Phonetically speaking, it is one of the minor technical mysteries of broadcasting that the deep feeling so evident as Swing delivers his material has never been transmitted over the air. He goes into the microphone like a lion and comes out like a lamb. Whatever the reason, it has served him well. Had the air waves been strictly accurate in handling the Swing tones, he might have become famous as a firebrand. Or might not have achieved distinction at all.

It wasn't until 1934 that Swing really became part of the American scene. Prior to that he had spent more than twenty years reporting events in various European capitals. Always an individualist, and never a convivialist, he was not very popular with the other correspondents in that allegro period between wars. While fellow newsmen admired him as an excellent reporter and a first-class statistician, few were on intimate terms with him; none presumed to call him "Ray."



Molders of Opinion—VIII

To understand more fully the Swing personality, his political and economic theories, it is necessary to study his career from the time "doubt" first assailed him, through the years when he flirted with the Communist philosophy of government, down to his current campaign for a new world order.

Son of a Congregationalist minister, he was born in Cortland, New York, fifty-seven years ago. Swing has referred to his father as "the last flower of that ancient America of stern and upright morals." Shortly thereafter, Dr. Swing was assigned to teach in the Theological Seminary at Oberlin College in Ohio. In that strongly individualistic atmosphere his son's formative years were spent.

ONE day a friend told Swing about Darwin and the theory of evolution. Intrigued with the idea, he toyed with it in his immature mind. Gradually the seed grew and developed into a raging controversy. As Swing expresses it, the battle was Genesis vs. Darwin; Belief vs. Doubt. Eventually, Darwin and Doubt triumphed.

When Raymond was eighteen, the elder Swings departed for Germany and a church mission, leaving him in the safe haven of freshman year at Oberlin. It was during their absence that his doubts, which had remained unspoken for years, flared into open rebellion. Raymond Swing started smoking cigarettes and learned the forbidden art of Terpsichore. He neglected study and finally proclaimed his apostasy. Needless to say, the entire affair weighed heavily on the faculty. They prayed over and with the boy, and for a time it appeared that their efforts were successful. But the fruits of these honest endeavors were only temporary. The young apostate was eventually expelled because his marks were too low and his behavior too high.

His newspaper career began about this time with a routine reporting assignment for the *Cleveland Press*. Four years later, after serving as editor of a small Ohio weekly, he was managing editor of the *Indianapolis Sun*. In 1913 he sailed for Europe to recuperate from an operation. His interest in music led him to Berlin. Shortly before the outbreak of World War I, he became correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, a post he held until this country severed diplomatic relations with the Kaiser's government.

His experiences during the war provide several interesting anecdotes, the most important being a characteristic attempt to settle the conflict by a frontal attack. Indignant over the invasion of Belgium and fired with a youthful recklessness, Swing managed to contact the German Chancellor, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg. The Chancellor assured the young newspaperman that Germany had no intention of annexing Belgium, the

occupation being merely a temporary measure. Practically delirious with joy at what he was about to accomplish, Swing asked permission to take the news to Britain's Sir Edward Grey. Authorization was granted with the added provision that Germany would insist on some sort of Allied indemnity. When Grey heard this, he embarked on what Swing describes as a "magnificent tirade." Needless to add, the solo peace mission was a dismal failure.

After the American declaration of war, he became an examiner for the War Labor Board. An offer to head the Washington Bureau of the *Philadelphia Ledger* was withdrawn when James W. Gerard, our Ambassador to Germany, referred to him as an "irresponsible radical." With the cessation of hostilities, Swing returned to Berlin as representative of the *New York Herald*. For fifteen years he remained in Europe serving as Berlin and London correspondent for the *Ledger*, the *Herald*, the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Post*.

The rise of the Communist-Fascist-Nazi ideology found Swing a most interested observer, both in his reportorial capacity and as a student of government. He later admitted that for a time he viewed the Russian brand of totalitarianism with a favorable eye, despite his oft-proclaimed love of individualism. When the Stalin purges rocked and shocked the world, Swing altered his course and gradually became a vigorous crusader for democracy.

Spot observer of the European trend to regimentation and statism, Swing soon became the relentless enemy of the Nazi and Fascist tyrannies. He insists that his temporary admiration for the Soviet system never did lead him into the fellow-traveler camp, but he has assiduously avoided any outright condemnation of Russian collectivism, despite its inescapable similarity to National Socialism. His occasional criticism of Soviet power poli-

tics has always been tempered by pointing out the "justifiable" Russian suspicion of Western motives. Since returning to the United States, his name has been used by suspect groups espousing various left-wing causes. It is no secret that his political and economic credo veers decidedly to left-of-center.

As a member of the school which places a large part of the blame for World War II on America's failure to join the League of Nations, he views this as the greatest tragedy in human affairs. Although he is an ardent champion and outspoken advocate of a strong world organization for postwar security, he does not profess to see in such a union of nations the panacea for international ills.

In *Preview of History*, a compilation of his broadcasts and lectures published in 1943, he foresees the possibility of nations, great and small, chafing under the restrictions of "permanent peace":

"If the Great Four are not going to permit a small war for a just cause, they must see to it that justice is provided in some other way, which is asking for statesmanship the world has not yet produced. It may be that the rule of the Great Four will prove a disappointment to many a liberal-minded person if he gets caught up with some righteous cause . . . but if we are to have the Great Four at all, we are fairly sure to have not only enduring peace (after the world settles down) but to have it to the point of not always liking it."

HIS last assignment abroad was with the London bureau of the *Philadelphia Ledger* and the *New York Post*. During this period his interest centered in the world financial structure. Intensive spare-time calculation convinced him that England would have to go off the gold standard. Considering this conclusion fantastic, he checked it with a director of the Bank of England, who reluctantly confirmed the figures of the amateur economist. Swing cabled the story to America,

Right Into the Cup!

► Four golfers were resting beside the tenth green, which was behind a small hill, when a ball came over the rise and rolled in a nearby bunker.

"Let's make this guy think he's made a hole in one," said one of the golfers.

The others agreed, and he took the ball from the bunker and placed it in the hole. When the player appeared, the four golfers went forward to congratulate him.

"A perfect shot!" said one. "Right into the cup."

The player took out his scorecard.

"Good," he said with satisfaction. "That makes fifteen strokes for this hole."



—OUR BOYS

predicting the news six weeks in advance. But a hesitant editor had filed rather than printed the dispatch, denying Swing the glory of his scoop.

While in England, Swing and his second wife lived in a small village in Surrey, where their three children attended the school conducted by his good friends, the Bertrand Russells.

A tall, stooped man, partial to rumpled tweeds, Swing is also the possessor of the most unusual name in radio, disregarding the gaudy concoctions of the numerologists and press agents. It is the offspring of his second marriage. His first wife was a French girl whom he met while she was a student in Chicago. Shortly after their second child was born, they were divorced. In 1920, while stationed in Berlin, Swing met Betty Gram, a music student from Oregon. A few weeks later they were married.

Whether or not he knew that Betty was a militant feminist, Swing soon discovered it and in a manner that caused him considerable embarrassment. Betty had suffered for the cause of feminism to the degree of five jail terms and several hunger strikes. Nor was she a lady to allow love to conquer flaming adherence to the cause.

As a correspondent, Swing was called upon to travel a great deal. On these trips to various European capitals, the new Mrs. Swing insisted on signing all hotel registers with her maiden name. The consternation of the highly reserved young man can readily be imagined. Only by agreeing to combine their surnames was a family crisis averted. Betty and Raymond became the Gram Swings.

Distinctive enough to attract attention, the name helped him considerably during the early, lean years in radio. Though the Gram Swings are now divorced, there is little possibility that he will revert to the more prosaic cognomen of his youth.

When the *Ledger* decided to drop its foreign staff in 1934, Swing was a jobless newspaperman. He was also nearing fifty and faced stiff competition for the few positions available in that year.

Radio had always intrigued him, and upon his return to New York he decided to investigate its possibilities. The initial try was considerably less than a resounding success. CBS had signed him to analyze foreign news, but soon discovered that the listeners in those blissful, pre-war years were more interested in comedy and music than in an ominous pattern abroad. Nor were the radio moguls themselves overly impressed by Swing's aloof solemnity. His deliberate, unemotional delivery produced a negative reaction all around with the inevitable result.

This brief contact with the broadcasting industry did serve a purpose, however. It gave Swing some unorthodox ideas about the medium and the place that commercialism should occupy in the

radio picture. These heretical beliefs were to lead to a *cause celebre* in later years when Swing was in a position to make demands on the executive department. One incident, in particular, has become a classic in the annals of the adolescent industry.

Swing always has been impressed with the importance of his own utterances and abhorred the idea of pausing in the middle of a script to allow the sponsor the opportunity for a sales talk. The practice of interrupting an account of tremendous events, while a dynamic young announcer attempted to browbeat the audience into rushing right out for a cigar or some sunburn lotion, disturbed his esthetic nature, not to mention his annoyance at the implied irreverence. Objections were written off as artistic temperament. But on the day that the Nazis invaded Holland and Belgium, Swing's hour struck. Both he and the sponsor knew that millions of dials would turn that night, a good many of them in the direction of the didactic commentator with the odd name.

~~~~~  
▶ Let us endeavor so to live that  
when we come to die even the  
undertaker will be sorry.

—MARK TWAIN  
~~~~~

Shortly after the news was first flashed over the cables, Swing notified the sponsor's representative that he would not go on the air that night unless the mid-program announcement was eliminated. A frantic group of cigar company officials and advertising agency executives spent the entire day in a mass assault on the determined newsman. The deadlock continued until five minutes before program time, when the sponsor and his hirelings admitted defeat. Swing spoke without interruption that night and has ever since.

In 1935, after his unsuccessful association with radio, Swing became an editor of *The Nation*. For more than three years he contributed a weekly column of Washington comment in addition to serving as a guide for its editorial policies. His newsletters were subtle, sober, and slanted at the oblique angle demanded by the "liberal" clique. During Congressional hearings on a bill designed to open the mails to birth control literature, Swing sharply criticized Catholic opposition as a menace to individual freedom.

Shortly after this, his contract with *The Nation* was canceled by mutual consent when a Swing column bordered too closely on the exuberant in praising Republican Candidate Landon's campaign platform. Though a supporter of New Deal policies, Swing is a nonpartisan and has often vented his anger on the Administration when he felt it was not vigorous enough in prosecuting social reforms.

With all his skill at news analysis, the "disembodied intellect," as Swing has been described, does not impress favorably in his role of philosopher, be it global or personal. Probed beneath the literate surface, he exhibits what can only be called a surprising immaturity. It is not salutary to discover no more than a hazy conception of philosophy in any molder of opinion, regardless of how strenuously he may endeavor to exclude personal conviction.

Since retracing his steps to these shores, and as one result of his radio fame, Swing has had three books published: *Fore-runners of American Fascism*, an arraignment of Father Coughlin, the late Huey Long, and William Randolph Hearst as dangerous demagogues; *How War Came*, a description of events leading to the present conflict; and *Preview of History*.

A composer, pianist, and sonneteer, Swing also channels his energies into softball, baseball, badminton, and poker sessions in those rare moments when the fate of the world is not consuming his attention. He approaches all these pastimes with the same solemn determination that characterizes his professional endeavors.

Swing is one of the few political oracles who rely on personal conclusion rather than tips and guesses. His background as a European observer, together with his unquenchable thirst for the printed word, give his scripts an authoritative tone. Because his broadcasts are usually free of the rabid propaganda note so prevalent in many air analyses, he has gained a reputation as a fence-straddler. Swing avoids controversy religiously, one of the principal factors to be considered in assaying his continued popularity with listeners in the upper strata "I.Q." A flair for the dramatic, evident in his soft-spoken understatement, undoubtedly helps to account for the tremendous vogue he has enjoyed in England.

His special short-wave broadcasts analyzing current American events are said to be on the preferred list in almost every home from Buckingham Palace to Tyne-side. The reports have it that Members of Commons have fallen under his spell to the extent of organizing "Swing Clubs" to hear the nonstatic voice from across the ocean. These programs are not heard on this side of the Atlantic, so we have no way of knowing whether the intense, professorial voice ever rises to a sharp crescendo, or the cautious analyst descends from the fence momentarily.

Impatient with slovenly thinkers, Swing's own excursions into the realm of philosophy must give him cause for self-irritation. Fortunately, his radio audience is spared a great deal of this soul probing. The commentator with the unusual name long ago discovered that cautious objectivity pays handsome dividends when facing a microphone.

Modern Miracle

By EUGENE SCHROTT

A FEW months ago, a pleasant little woman was fussing over a collection of strange-looking pots and pans, busying herself over baking ovens and glass dishes that one would immediately associate with a well-kept, domesticated kitchen. Familiar and homey as this room appeared, it was anything but a kitchen. Below it roared the traffic and crowds of New York's busy Forty-second Street.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Without stopping to remove her white apron or to tuck in the few escaping strands of hair, the woman went to answer it. Her callers were five officers of the United States Army Air Force, who had heard of her work and wanted permission to examine it and to test it under actual conditions.

Several weeks later, a portion of the hospital at Mitchell Field had been set aside, and Mrs. Lillian Bettinger was dispensing hope and faith to men who had almost given up. The boys immediately dubbed her the "miracle lady." Some went beyond that and put her in the same category as Sister Kenny. But Mrs. Bettinger is too modest a person to take this seriously. All she wants is to help those who need her help.

Lillian Bettinger makes ears, noses, hands, arms, toes, fingers, and even faces for people who have lost these parts of their bodies. Today she is helping the men who have returned from the battlefields regain their rightful places in civilian life. Her work has undergone the most careful tests and rigid scrutiny and has been acclaimed by medical men of many countries. Compared with similar work in its field, it has been adjudged by experts as being better than any other yet produced.

Over her laboratory workbench, this woman who has given new hope to hundreds of people works from sixteen to eighteen hours daily so that thousands of others may receive greater benefits. While her husband serves his country, she continues to carry on her tests and experiments in an endless effort to perfect perfection itself.



To thousands missing some part of their bodies, Lillian Bettinger brings new hope

Until comparatively recently, anyone with a missing hand was forced either to display a sad stump or to wear a hideous wooden or metal contraption disguised by a conspicuous glove. Rather than hide the shortcoming, this seemed to exaggerate it. Today those people can have a hand made that is an exact replica of the one lost. It will match the real hand in every detail—color, line-markings, fingernails, knuckle joints, and soft, flexible texture. Furthermore, it can be worn while swimming and can be washed with ordinary soap and water.

Hands, particularly, are Mrs. Bettinger's specialty. She has made hundreds of them. All are perfectly matched to the wearer's own skin coloring. They are identical with the real hand in shape, form, and characteristics. All have fingernails, and for women, nail polish may be applied and removed. But the most surprising feature is that they can scarcely be distinguished from real hands.

Among Mrs. Bettinger's numerous achievements is the fact that she has been the first person in the field of prosthetics to construct a single attachable finger—a feat once considered almost impossible. But she has surpassed herself by constructing a set of four detachable fingertips for a man who had lost his own when a ma-

chine in a defense plant snipped them off. Today, that same man is one of the country's outstanding cornet players.

Induction centers throughout the country have become familiar with Mrs. Bettinger's work only when it was deliberately brought to the attention of the medical examiners.

Several months ago, a young man who had been working in a western defense plant came to Mrs. Bettinger's office to ask if she could replace several of his missing fingers. He felt that it would help him in his work. In a week's time, the casts and molds had been completed. A few days afterward, the young man walked out of her office feeling that life was beautiful once again. He felt that now he was like every other young man. His enthusiasm carried him to his draft board. He told them he wanted to enlist.

The young man passed his physical examination without the slightest hitch. After he had been accepted, he showed the doctors the fingers Mrs. Bettinger had made. After carefully examining them the medical men could find nothing in their regulations to exclude this young man from serving his country. They also realized that Mrs. Bettinger's work in the field of rehabilitation was of extreme importance. For not only did her work carry a remarkable degree of authenticity, it also had limited function. In other words, the wearer could use his fingers to perform a great many tasks his own fingers performed at one time.

**Hands, single attachable fingers, arms, toes, even faces
—all so perfectly matched that none can tell they are false**

Several months prior to this incident, a young man frantically dashed into Mrs. Bettinger's office and breathlessly asked if she could help him. He pointed to his ear—to the part of it that still remained, for he had lost most of it in an automobile accident a few months before. The young man wanted to enlist in the army. He knew if he could pass his physical examination he could get into Officers Candidate School.

Mrs. Bettinger smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She didn't bother having lunch that day, or dinner either. She worked steadily for eighteen hours. There was a deadline this young man had to meet. She had made up her mind he wouldn't miss it.

When he turned up at her office the following morning, the expression on his face was one of combined eagerness and anxiety. She showed him the result. He slipped it on over the remaining part of his ear. Then she brought him a mirror. He studied it from every angle. The smile on his face satisfied all doubt. He thanked her and dashed down for his examination.

Later, he called her. Breathlessly, he related the usual story—how the medical men didn't even detect it until he brought it to their attention. He had been accepted.

A few days later, Mrs. Bettinger received a letter from one of the examining doctors. He praised her for rendering an invaluable service to the war effort.

A short time ago she completed an arm and hand for a twenty-year-old flier. He was discharged from the Air Corps after an unfortunate accident. Amputation was necessary. The young man was despondent. He hadn't had a chance to bring down a single Jerry or Zero. He felt that life was finished for him. It had even taken some persuasion for him to come to see Mrs. Bettinger. He examined her work and some cases in which she was then interested. He realized that his own was not half as bad. Today, that former flier has an arm and hand that has made it possible for him to take up life where he had left off. He wants to go on living. To Mrs. Bettinger a result such as this is her ultimate aim.

With returning casualties coming in almost faster than she can handle them, Mrs. Bettinger has started training a corps of assistants at the Mitchell Field Hospital to carry on her work.

Army doctors have also sent her numbers of returning veterans whom she has helped.

When a patient comes to her office, Mrs. Bettinger never persuades him to get a replacement. She feels this must be a completely voluntary decision. Her method consists briefly in taking agar impressions of the defect and then constructing plaster-of-Paris molds. In making a hand, she will also take an impression and make a mold of the intact hand as well. From this, she sculpts a "mirror" image of the hand that is missing. And in making the missing

hand, she takes all her measurements from the person's other hand, so that the length of the fingers, the shape of fingernails, thickness of the wrists, and width of the palm will be identical.

After making additional plaster-of-Paris molds, she prepares her own special formula which she has discovered after lengthy experimentation. This has a latex base and results in a flexible, durable, and lightweight solid after it has been properly poured and cured. In a dry box, the prosthetics are subjected to a temperature of 220 degrees Fahrenheit. When they are removed, the edges are trimmed, the entire thing is polished and high lights added to impart an authentic skin glow. At the same time, fingernails are added and line-markings and knuckle-joints worked into it.

In the case of hands, a skeleton frame is inserted into the synthetic hand and the wearer is able to use the fingers to grasp and hold such articles as pencils, telephones, drinking glasses, and knitting needles; later further use can be effected by the individual. Though there is no direct connection between this skeleton and the bodily muscles, the fingers can be put into any desired position simply by touching them against the wearer's body. Once the skeletal frame is made to fit the synthetic hand, the prosthetic is complete and ready to be worn. The hand is slipped on, somewhat like a glove. It fits the wrist so snugly it cannot be dislodged.

Mrs. Bettinger's work with children has been particularly gratifying. Few people realize how many children are born without one or both hands. The most touching reward she has ever received was when a

year-old youngster, upon whose stumps she had slipped a pair of hands she had made, broke out in a happy grin. The first thing he did was scratch himself.

Some ten years ago, while Mrs. Bettinger was a student at medical school, she decided to take up sculpturing as a hobby. In less than three years her work became well known. Her services as a sculptress were in great demand. But medicine was her vocation. For years, she was assistant to Dr. Glushak, one of the leading plastic surgeons in New York City. She assisted at operations. She saw at first hand numerous pitiful cases that plastic surgery could not help. The thing that bothered her most was the look of hopelessness on the faces of these people. It was this that finally gave her the idea of combining art and science—of using her ability as a sculptress to go into a realm that was beyond that of plastic surgery.

Her experiments with materials were almost endless, but she never gave up. Deep down within her, she knew she would eventually discover a material that had nearly all the qualities of the human skin and yet would not wear out nor be too bulky or heavy. When she was successful at that stage, she immediately knew that her purpose could be accomplished. And as if by some guiding power, her discovery came at a time when the world can use it to greatest advantage.

As soon as peace is restored again, Mrs. Bettinger plans on going to the war-ravaged countries of Europe. She has often dreamed of the thousands of children, the terrified men and women whose lives were distorted by bombs and rockets. She feels that they, too, need her help.

From a plaster-of-Paris mold an ear is removed that is flexible, durable, light





"I can't tell where I'm heading . . ."

It took more than his partner's words to show Frank Harden that one old rule never changes

WHEN we get to looking back over the war years they're going to mean different things to each of us, because, naturally, the war affected each of us in a particular, personal way. But among the moments that we'll remember will be those when a truth or a reality was forcibly brought to our attention, giving us an insight into what millions of our young men were fighting to preserve.

Take my case, for instance. One of the days I'll never forget was when Jimmy Curran insisted that the old rules still held good.

I've been confidential clerk at the Harden Shipyards ever since the first scow was launched, worked right in Frank Harden's office, and for twenty-five years I've listened while Frank and Jimmy Curran argued—over every topic from worship to women. But that day it was different. For the first time Jimmy's

mouth was set in a straight line, and his eyes were that angry, destroying gray you see in a winter sea. His voice was cold, too, and bitter.

"I'm not signin' this order," Jimmy said quietly but positively, "because no ship's goin' to leave the Harden yards without a trial run."

Frank glanced toward me, and I sort of half rose in my chair, as if I were starting to leave the room. Not that I wanted to go—I'd been waiting for the explosion and here it was, but I did think I ought to make a show of offering to leave them alone. But Frank shook his head, motioning for me to stay. I could tell by the way his chin was up and his shoulders squared, that Frank was telling himself that they *were* the Harden yards, and when his shoulders sagged again I knew darn well he was remembering that Jimmy Curran had been his partner from the very beginning, even though Jimmy's name had never been used.

Of course, I knew that the session had gotten off to a bad start, because Frank hadn't taken the time to think up a hot argument in favor of the new order—something that would have been non-belligerent but darn convincing. And I could see that now he was thinking fast, too fast maybe, for a couple of times he started to speak, but each time he clicked his teeth shut as if to be sure the words didn't get out.

Suddenly, as if he were hoping he'd find an inspiration written in the smoke of the yards, he turned and walked toward the window. Jimmy Curran stood there smoking a long cigar and studying Frank's back. So was I, though I was paying even more attention to the crowded ways with their half-finished hulls, and beyond them the tall stacks of the ships already launched which were being fitted for sea.

This country had been at war for almost two years at that time, and we were going full speed ahead, putting the Harden yards on the map like they'd never been before. And, of course, the company was making money—so much money that Frank and a couple of his fellow stockholders were getting dollar-drunk, soused with the power and the glory that so often sends a man reeling away from the things that he really stands for. That was what

the fight was all about this morning: more money—for the stockholders. Harden and a couple of the others had thought of a way to make it. They'd voted on it at a meeting which Jimmy Curran had not attended, and Frank had told me the next day that he'd probably have a little trouble getting Jimmy, who was really boss of the yards, to okay the order.

Frank must have decided on what to say; at any rate, he turned slowly, like a ship coming up the channel during a fog. And he spoke cautiously, gropingly, too. "It's a matter of time," he said.

"Time me foot." Curran had been standing in front of Frank Harden's desk, and his answer came as quickly as if he'd been rehearsing it for days.

Frank scowled. I knew he was getting mad. "But, Jimmy, you'll certainly admit the country needs ships in a hurry," he argued, and then went over to his desk, kicked the chair back a foot or two and sat down, all the time looking into Jimmy's eyes. "We need ships in a hurry,"—he sounded sort of disgusted, "and besides, the old rules have all changed."

"Some of them never change," Curran used that same flat, dispassionate tone of voice with which he'd previously spoken. Then, as if he wanted to show that he was regular and willing to play along with the right things, he explained. "An' you know I'm not complainin' about buildin' ships in little hunks an' puttin' 'em together like the pieces of a puzzle. I'll admit that there's lots of new ways to shipbuildin', but, Frank, there's only one way to tell if a ship is goin' to run right, an' that's to run her."

Harden shook his head, almost as if he were getting drops of water out of his eyes. "But, Jimmy," he pleaded angrily, "as I told you a few minutes ago, it's a matter . . ."

"You told me somethin' about time. What you're really tryin' to save is money."

He was so dead right that Frank didn't dare deny the accusation. Instead, Frank took a long breath and I saw his shoulders go back again. I knew what he was up to—he was telling himself he was the Chairman of the Board, and sure enough when he spoke he had that "leave-it-all-to-me" tone which darn near convinces me and always seems to spellbind the stock-

holders. "James," Harden smiled warmly, and once again I found myself thinking what a whale of an actor he'd have made, "James, before the war the trial run of a new ship was a social event. But now we've got to show speed if we're going to get our fellows home again while they're still young men. And after all," turning the heat on for this line, "you know, it isn't as if we didn't plan to run the engines at all."

Did Frank hit a home run? Brother, he didn't even get to first base. There was a half smile in Curran's eyes as he flipped the ash off the end of his cigar and said, "Gettin' up steam in a boiler an' runnin' the engines while a ship's tied to a dock is not my idea of a test."

"I'm told that other shipbuilders do it." Frank was losing patience.

"Ever have a shaft break on you durin' a storm?" Jimmy asked bluntly.

That kind of cooked it—the question and Jimmy's manner, which wasn't exactly insolent, but sure wasn't friendly. "Nobody tries out a ship in a storm," Frank slapped the desk with the palm of one hand, "and besides, our shafts don't break."

"I can remember a couple of ships we ordered into drydock after we'd run 'em off the Capes," Curran reminded. "An' have you and the Board thought of what happens when a ship can't keep up with the convoy?"

"The subs won't be so much of a menace from now on," Frank's tone was downright belittling, and I could tell he thought he'd won a point.

"There's some of them still around; a pack may even break loose again. An', after all, it only takes one to sink a crippled ship that's had to drop behind the convoy."

Frank was getting impatient. He raised his voice and half shouted, "But the ships and the cargoes are all insured and . . ."

That really threw the fat in the fire. Jimmy let out a roar that cut off the rest of Frank's sentence, and he threw his cigar clear across the room to the wastebasket beside my desk. "Sure the ships and the cargoes are insured," he yelled, "maybe

the men are insured, too. But folks want live men comin' home to them—not a check for death money."

Harden scowled. He never drums his fingers—except when he's mad—and he sure was playing boogie woogie on the arm of his chair. But he didn't say anything, even though Jimmy gave him the chance.

Then Jimmy leaned across the desk, and when he spoke he was back to that flat, cold tone which'd make you think of a low barometer. "Listen, Frank"—he didn't exactly sound mad but you could tell he was, for he had his jaw stuck out as if he were daring someone to take a crack at him—"this new rule of yours is a slimy, dishonest way to chisel a few extra thousands, an' don't be stinkin' enough to mention the bringin' home of American fightin' men when you're tryin' to put it over."

"Let me tell you somethin' else: I wouldn't sign your order to save my right hand. An' the day you put it into effect I'm takin' a walk, and I'll never hesitate to tell why I left you flat."

Harden winced. "If that's how you feel, why . . ."

"It's just how I feel," Jimmy Curran leaned even closer.

For what seemed like minutes, there was neither sound nor movement in the room, and I sat there waiting, while the air seemed to grow heavy with the hatred that might be

"No ship's going to leave the Harden yards without a trial run," Jimmy said



spilled at any moment. I wondered if I ought to say something, but I couldn't think of any right words. I had a strange all-gone sensation in my bowels, for a lifetime of work and friendship was falling apart, while there I was sitting as still and as silent as a wooden Indian.

A couple of times I felt sure that Harden was about to speak, but I was wrong. Maybe his anger was too great for words. And Jimmy still stood as if he were itching to start throwing his fists around. It sure looked like heavy trouble, and as I couldn't think of any other way to help the situation, I started a "Hail Mary." Before I finished, the door opened and Susie, the mail girl, came in with a handful of letters which she put on the end of my desk.

"Thanks, Susie," I said, watching to see if the interruption wouldn't break the tension. Harden pushed back his chair a couple of inches as Susie went out and shut the door behind her, but he never looked away from Jimmy's accusing eyes.

Then from the yards came the piercing wail of a ship's siren being tested. We'd all heard it a thousand times before, but this time the rise and fall of sound startled us to physical action. I reached for the letters Susie had brought in, Jimmy Curran straightened up, and Harden relaxed, drawing his chair closer to his desk.

"Here's an air mail, special delivery from young Frank," I said, when the siren stopped, for I'd found an envelope with familiar handwriting. I got up and handed Harden the letter from his younger son, who'd just got his bars at an Officer's Candidate School.

Harden took the letter, nodding his thanks. Slowly, like he was stalling for time, he ripped open the envelope, pulled out the single page and unfolded it.

I went back to my desk, thinking that the arrival of the letter was sort of an answer to prayer, and at the same time wondering what was so all-fired important that young Frank would send his letter special delivery. Maybe he wanted his father to send him money, I told myself, or maybe he was going overseas quicker than he expected. Whatever it was, I hoped it wasn't trouble, for young Frank was a favorite of mine.

Harden was reading the letter now, and when I saw the expression that began to cross his features my heart started pounding. His eyes got wide and frightened, and his lips were gray and drawn, as though he were terrified or guilty. Suddenly his fingers twitched and the paper flapped its way toward the floor.

I started across the room, but Curran rounded the desk in three strides and swooped up the letter. Harden made a gesture as if he were telling us both to read, so I looked over Curran's shoulder.

"Dear Dad," I read, "I've just come from the CO, and they're assigning fellows from the Quartermaster as transport offi-

cers with the convoys. Of course, I can't tell where I'm heading, but listen to this break: I've pulled a ship from the Harden yards! Phone Mom right away and tell her the news—at least she'll know the ship won't fall apart in midocean."

Curran may have read the rest, but I didn't, because I looked toward Frank Harden. There were beads of sweat on his forehead and drawn lines about his eyes. His mouth was trembling, and so were his hands, and when that damn siren started up, again, it made me think of a hound baying for the kill.

For a moment it looked as though Harden were going to keel over under

the sheer weight of the horror that was in his mind—in all our minds. Then his jaw set square, and his fingers reached for the order he'd wanted Jimmy Curran to sign. When his fingers closed over the paper, he crumpled it and tore it in two. After that, he slowly lifted his head and looked up at Curran.

Neither of them spoke, not even when Jimmy reached out and rested his fingers on Frank Harden's shoulder, but each knew what the other was thinking.

I know what I was thinking, too. That Jimmy Curran had been right, some of the old rules never change—for instance, that one about "do unto others. . . ."

A PRIEST TO HIS MOTHER

"Sacerdos, Alter Christus"

By Raymond J. Roseliep

Weaver my dear, to you belongs
The splendor of my being.
Power, like flame, went out from you
Upon divine decreeing.

You wove a pattern in your heart
Far from your heart's believing:
You sang and spun—and I am song
And flower of your weaving.

Now I am more than yours, strong heart:
Though Christ has closest claiming.
You are the white Love-captor of
Us Both . . . under one naming!

Weaver of Wonder, claim for aye,
The splendor of my being.
Beauty, like fire, goes out from you
Beyond the touch of seeing.

THE ACOLYTES

By Sister Mary St. Virginia, B. V. M.

Your son's young treble in "Confiteor,"
The surplice pulled askew on the little shoulder,
The unfamiliar skirt. . . As often before,
I see you across the years, no taller, no older:

The same brown hand eager to ring the bell,
The same head bright above the bow's bright satin,
The same blue eyes important with what they tell,
The same swift tongue important about the Latin.

How dear your little boy! But into this pew
A little girl has stolen to watch another—
Nor will she be persuaded it is not you
Who says the "Deo gratias," my brother. . .



SIGN POST

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"Brother of the Lord"

Why does St. Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians (1:19) refer to St. James as "brother of the Lord"?—A.E.Y., GREENBELT, MD.

There are several places in the Gospels where reference is made to the Saviour's "brethren" and "sisters" as well as in the passage referred to in St. Paul. Does this mean that Our Lord had brothers and sisters in the ordinary sense of the words? Leaving aside other considerations for the present, this cannot be asserted merely from the words used in the New Testament.

The correct understanding of such passages is reduced to a study of language. Hebrew does not possess words to express varying degrees of relationship. The Hebrew word 'ah is used not only to designate a brother in the strict sense but is used broadly also to refer to a cousin, a nephew, a husband, and even more broadly to express that the man spoken of belongs to the same race, that he is an ally, or simply a friend.

It is true that the New Testament authors, except St. Matthew, wrote in Greek, but they made the word *adelphos* (brother) equivalent to the Hebrew 'ah. In this they followed the usage of the Jewish scholars whose translation of the Old Testament into Greek is known as the Septuagint Version.

From his use of the word "brother," therefore, it cannot be concluded that St. Paul meant St. James was a brother of Our Lord in the strict sense of the term as we use it. It could indicate any degree of relationship. From the New Testament we know that the father of St. James was Alphaeus.

Heaven and Hell

Are Heaven and Hell places or merely states of the soul?—W.J.M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Heaven denotes both a state and a place of supreme happiness. As the state of beatitude it can be defined as "immunity from all evil and the perpetual possession of every good."

It is impossible to determine definitely the place of Heaven. There have been a few theologians who have taught that Heaven is everywhere because God is everywhere. In general, however, it is deemed more appropriate that there should be a definite abode where the blessed dwell even though they be free to go about in this world. Moreover, there does not seem to be sufficient reason for attributing a purely metaphorical sense to the numerous expressions in Holy Scripture which refer to a definitely localized dwelling place of the blessed. Although the Church has

issued no specific dogmatic decision on the question, it would be rash to deny a teaching which has the support of the common opinion of the Fathers, the faithful, and theologians.

Hell is not only a state of the soul but also a place where the reprobate are punished. Where it is we do not know. Belief in Hell is not dependent on man's ability definitely to localize it but on the revelation of God. St. Augustine says: "It is my opinion that the nature of hell-fire and the location of Hell are known to no man unless the Holy Ghost made it known to him by a special revelation." More practical than speculating on the location of Hell is to heed the admonition of St. John Chrysostom: "We must not ask where Hell is, but how we are to escape it."

Modesty and Clothing

Does the Church condemn all abbreviated feminine clothing which is intended mostly for comfort and utility?—C.P., UTICA, N.Y.

Simple as it may appear at first sight, the question of clothing is very complex. According to the Book of Genesis, it was modesty that first prompted human beings to cover their bodies. Later on, clothing was worn for protection against the elements, to preserve health, and to ward off disease. Styles of clothing were also adopted to distinguish the sexes, and to indicate difference in office, occupation, and social rank. Closely associated with the latter use of clothing is its use as adornment. The male of the species has not neglected this use of clothing, but almost universally it has become the special domain of women.

It is in its use as adornment and its relation to modesty that clothing touches on moral principles. Nowhere do we find the Church condemning adornment as long as it is done with proper decorum and in moderation. The evil enters when clothing is used for vanity's sake or for even baser motives.

Our inquirer's question refers principally to the relationship of the mode or style of dress, especially in feminine apparel, to modesty. On this point the Church has often been charged with encouraging prudishness and false modesty in the interest of a false asceticism. It may be granted that individual churchmen have been rather harsh in their denunciations on this subject, but who can deny that at times they have had reason for severity. The charge of prudery, however, cannot be justly leveled against the teaching of the Church as revealed in the treatises of her approved moralists. When Catholic moralists teach that there is a moral question associated with clothing, they are but recognizing the fact that exposure of certain parts of the human body arouses libidinous excitement.

At the same time, it is recognized that customs and conventions enter into the question. The same standard in details cannot be applied in the United States and in the South Sea Islands. What is customary does not affect us. Since customs and conventions differ in different parts of the world, Catholic moralists do not attempt to lay down universal rules on details of dress. They give no measurements, name no high or low limits, design no patterns. They are content to emphasize the general principle that bodily exposure is wrong when it is excessive and unusual and contrary to the customs and conventions of a given place.

When applying this general principle to the question in hand, it must be stated that it is not entirely a question of intention either. While it may be granted that there has been a commendable trend in feminine dress toward that "which is intended mostly for comfort and utility" there has been another trend toward styles that emphasize principally a sex appeal that is totally dissociated from honest love and marriage. That is why Christian women must use common sense. They cannot justify their wearing clothes that violate modesty by saying they only intend to conform to the mode of the times or seek comfort and utility. Of necessity they must associate with others, and it is such association that demands modesty of dress. Style, utility, and comfort can all be attained without sacrificing modesty, which is a safeguard of chastity.

We conclude with an admonition from Pope Pius XI: "The unfortunate mania for fashion causes even honorable women to forget every sentiment of dignity and modesty. The decrease of womanly reserve has always been a sign of social decadence. The vanity of woman causes the disintegration of the family. An immodest mother will have shameless children. A shameless girl cannot be a good wife. It is possible to dress with ladylike decorum without imitating monastic severity."

A Clarification

In your July 1943 issue you state: "The fact of the revelation and the promise to St. Simon Stock have both been seriously questioned." In another Catholic publication I have read: "this increasingly celebrated Scapular Promise was studied and found to be theologically sound." I cannot reconcile these diametrically opposite points of view.—E.F., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The difficulty of our reader comes from not understanding an important distinction that must be kept in mind when treating of devotions associated with private revelations. We have written on this point before, but shall go over the ground briefly once more in the hope of clarifying the matter not only with reference to the Scapular devotion but other similar devotions.

Ecclesiastical approbation of these devotions carries with it a moral guarantee that there is nothing contrary to faith or morals in them when they are understood properly and practiced in conjunction with the good works necessary for salvation. It does not imply that Catholics have to accept them as part of that deposit of Faith revealed by Christ which will be safeguarded unto the end of time by the infallible teaching authority of the Church.

In this sense it is true that the Scapular devotion is theologically sound. It does not follow, however, that the Church infallibly vouches for the private revelations that may be associated with the devotion.

It may be asked, does not the Church give some kind of approval when she allows the publication of these private revelations. Yes, but this approbation must be understood as "permission, after mature examination, to publish the revelations for the instruction and benefit of the faithful. Though the assent of Catholic faith is neither due, nor can be given to these revelations, even when so approved, they should be believed with a human assent according to the rules of prudence which show them to be probable and piously worthy of credence." (Pope Benedict XIV)

The quotation from our previous article, namely, "The fact of the revelation and the promise to St. Simon Stock have both

been seriously questioned" is a statement of historical fact. The men who have questioned the fact of the revelation and the promise have not been satisfied with the evidence presented in favor of their authenticity. Many others have been satisfied.

The Church and Franco

What is the present attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Franco regime in Spain, and what are the reasons for it?—M.M.C., NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

If this question refers to the official attitude of the Vatican toward the present Spanish government, the answer is that the attitude is the same as toward the governments of the United States and England. It is a friendly attitude because the Franco regime stands for law, order, decency, and the welfare of the people. This attitude has nothing to do with the form of government in Spain, any more than it has with the monarchical form of government in England and the republican form in the United States. The form of government in Spain is a Spanish question, and if it changes in the course of time the Church will still be able to maintain a friendly attitude as long as Spaniards are permitted the free exercise of the Catholic religion.

We suspect, however, that the question has been inspired by the continued propaganda against Franco as a "Fascist" and that therefore the Catholic Church must be "Fascist" because she maintains friendly relations with his government. At present we are not interested in the illogical argument just stated, but we do wish to point out that one of the greatest triumphs of Communist propaganda has been the creation of a smoke screen behind which organization for revolution and all manner of horrors have been perpetrated in the name of "democracy" against "Fascism." It is this smoke screen that has prevented many people in this country from seeing the real issues in the Spanish struggle. Another factor that must not be discounted is nationalistic, religious, and racial prejudice.

The civil war in Spain was not a rebellion of a small group of army officers against a democratic government. When the army stepped in, the Popular Front government of Azaña had ceased to govern. The rising was against the seizure of power by the Communists and Anarchists. It was Spain's assertion of dominion within her own territory. It was similar to Lincoln's stand for the Union. The unforgivable sin of Franco in the eyes of the Communists and their left-wing supporters is that he blasted the Russian hope of a Bolshevik Spain as the basis of Communist expansion in all Western Europe.

There is a lesson in the Spanish tragedy that should not be overlooked at present. The fate that awaited Spain but for the uprising of the Spanish people under Franco has already overtaken formerly independent territories occupied by Russian troops in the present war. Why do we not hear more about this in our newspapers and from those writers and speakers who are so concerned about democracy in Spain? In other territories liberated by American armies, bands of Communists and their supporters refuse to unite against the common foe and do everything possible to bring confusion and disorder in the hope of being able to seize control before a legitimate government can be established. Is this the "freedom" for which American blood and money are being expended so prodigally?

We need not be apologetic because the Church in Spain gave its support to Franco. The Spanish bishops published to the world their reasons for doing so. They had no alternative. The Catholics of Spain are Spaniards and Catholics. They could be neither under the Reds any more than we could be Americans and Catholics under the same circumstances. Neither do we have to take at face value the denunciations of many of those who accuse Franco of destroying democracy in Spain. They do not seem to have much trouble in accepting some rather strange forms of "democracy." One thing we can be sure of is that if a democratic form of government is to be estab-

lished in Spain, be it republican or monarchical in form, it must come from the Spanish people. It will never come from the betrayers of Spain who are carrying on their propaganda from Mexico and other countries by means of the gold stolen from the Spanish treasury.

Biblical Genealogy

I have always believed that the Bible is without error in its historical facts as well as in the religious truths it teaches. In view of this, I have difficulty in reconciling the Biblical genealogy from Adam to Abraham, which gives nine generations, with scientific discoveries which seem to demand a much longer period of time.—PITTSFIELD, MASS.

It is true and an article of Catholic Faith that the Bible is without error in its recording of historical facts as well as in the teaching of religious truth. On this point we shall quote from the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* in which Pope Leo XIII says, "For all the books which the Church receives as sacred and canonical are written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Spirit; and so far is it from being possible that any error can co-exist with inspiration, that inspiration not only is essentially incompatible with error, but excludes and rejects it as absolutely and necessarily as it is impossible that God himself, the Supreme Truth, can utter that which is not true. This is the ancient and unchanging faith of the Church, solemnly defined in the Councils of Florence and of Trent, and finally confirmed and more expressly formulated by the Council of the Vatican."

This does not mean that all parts of the Bible are easy to understand. Though written under the inspiration of God, this divine inspiration does not take away the manner of thinking nor eliminate the literary style of the individual writers. Neither does it exclude the need for personal labor and research on the part of the authors.

We must also remember that the Bible is an ancient book, the product of civilizations and conditions quite different from our own. It was written mostly by Orientals whose ways of thinking, speaking, and writing were often very unlike ours. That is why it is so important for us not to judge certain passages of the Bible as erroneous just because they do not conform to our present-day ideas on the matter. The question about genealogies is a case in point.

We do not know just which genealogy is referred to by our inquirer. We may have missed it, but we are not aware at present of any place in the Bible that would seem to indicate only nine generations between Adam and Abraham. The number of generations, however, is merely incidental and we shall pass on to the general question about Biblical genealogies.

The word "genealogy" appears in the New Testament only twice (I Tim. 1:4 and Titus 3:9) and then has no reference to the present question. In the Old Testament it is found a few times in some manuscripts of the Septuagint Version but not at all in the commonly accepted text.

The passages in the Bible which have come to be known as genealogical lists are usually introduced by such expressions as "these are the generations" or "this is the book of the generation." That such expressions do not indicate a genealogical table as we have come to understand it is evident from Genesis, 2:4, where we read, "these are the generations of the heaven and the earth." The proper meaning of such introductory phrases is "this is the history." In other words it was not the intention of the authors to give a complete genealogical list but to relate history in an abbreviated form.

In this process many links are left out. This was done not only for the sake of brevity but also as an aid to memory, in order to get the same number of generations within certain specified periods of history. A good example of this is in the

first chapter of St. Matthew, where he arranges the generations between Abraham and Christ into three series of fourteen members each; the first series belonging to the patriarchal order, the second to the royal, and the third to that of private citizens.

At first sight such omissions might seem to be in conflict with the inerrancy of the Bible because the members of the lists are connected by the noun "son" or the verb "beget." This creates no real difficulty once we understand the Biblical usage of these terms. That the noun "son" has a very wide meaning is evident from St. Matthew who begins his narrative as follows, "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." This is merely an example to illustrate that the usage in both the Old and New Testaments of the term "son" is not limited as we are accustomed to limit it but may connect a man with any of his ancestors. In the same way "beget" does not refer merely to immediate offspring but is extended to include succeeding generations.

For these reasons it is impossible for us to compute accurately the span of years covered by Biblical chronologies. Consequently it is recognized that we cannot use the Bible exclusively to solve the question of the age of the human race. Is science able to solve this problem? Here too there is uncertainty. Some scientists set the age of the race as being 9,000 years or less; others extend it to 100,000 years or more. Has the Church anything to say on the point? No! To her it is an open question. If scientists can ever prove definitely how old the human race is, the members of the Church will gladly accept their authority as they do in other scientific questions.

Kissing the Pope's Foot

Recently I read a sneering reference to a Catholic gentleman in Upton Sinclair's "Presidential Agent." Among other things he says about the gentleman is the following: "He had recently kissed the pope's toe and received a rather gaudy medal for his contributions to the building of a cathedral." Was this "kissing the pope's toe" ever done in the past and is it done at the present time?

The kiss is used in liturgical functions and on certain extra-liturgical occasions as a mark of honor. Thus, during the Mass the celebrant kisses the altar as a symbol of Christ and also the gospels and the paten. The prelate, following the example of Christ, kisses the feet he washes at the *Mandatum* on Holy Thursday. In a papal Mass the pope's foot is kissed by the Latin and the Greek deacons. Cardinals and others do the same as a mark of reverence and obedience during certain ceremonies connected with the election of a new pope.

Outside of liturgical functions, those visitors who are received in private audience kiss the pope's foot.

The kiss is given to the cross on the pope's right shoe. This sign of respect for the Vicar of Christ was formerly given to other patriarchs and even to temporal sovereigns. Anti-Catholic writers often refer to this ceremony for the purpose of ridiculing the Church. From the quotation given this is evidently Upton Sinclair's intention. Coming from that fertile source of cracky ideas we should have no trouble evaluating it.

History of the Jesuits

Will you please recommend a book giving the history of the Jesuits?—M.H., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

We can recommend the following: *The Jesuits*, by T. J. Campbell, S.J. (\$2.50); *The Jesuits*, by Gaetan de Bernville (\$2.50); *The Jesuits in History*, by Martin P. Harney, S.J. (\$4.00). For early history; *Origin of the Jesuits*, by J. Brodrick, S.J. (\$3.00).



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

Readers Agree

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was afforded considerable pleasure in reading the letter of J. M. Hayes of San Antonio in your November issue. Mr. Hayes very effectively expressed some opposite opinions to those of John B. Kennedy and Westbrook Pegler, and it was nice to know that THE SIGN was kind enough to give space to his thoughts. I really have never felt resentment at Pegler's dogmatic style of writing, but rather inclined to the view that this is the side his bread is buttered on. Regardless of whether you read him with pleasure or resentment, there is no doubt that his bias harms many fine citizens who are members of labor unions. I have noticed that Pegler has been missing from the pages of one Boston newspaper, and if he doesn't come back it will be all right with me.

HENRY CARTER

Dorchester, Mass.

Fulton Lewis, Jr.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The series of articles commenting on commentators has been unusually interesting. The criticism of Fulton Lewis, Jr., however (October issue), does his listeners an injustice or a disservice. It is not deplorable that Lewis confines his attention to Congress, the White House, and related affairs. Controversies in Congress are often smothered by daily newspapers, thereby leaving the public no means of keeping informed except by scandal-mongers, the Red press, and financial publications. Each of these has an ax to grind.

Lewis is obviously anti-New Deal. His remarks may hurt the feelings of New Dealers personally. They are not hurt politically because criticism of them over the radio is the surest sign that America still enjoys freedom of speech. Unanimous adulation would prove that such freedom did not exist.

Except for a prejudice against the New Deal, which probably most of his listeners understand and take into consideration, Lewis talks as if he believed his listeners had too much common sense to be talked down to, or given nonsensical explanations which he could not himself accept as reasonable. He is, for this listener, a radio version of the Congressional Record.

HENRY V. MORAN

New York City

Jewish Reaction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A friend forwarded to me an item by Katherine Burton which appeared in her "Woman to Woman" column.

I want to congratulate you on the forthright, frank, and honest manner in which your contributor tackled the question of intolerance. In my opinion, the fight against intolerance is incumbent upon Americans of all creeds and different social status. The Irish, the Italians, the Jews, the Negroes, all of them have at one time or other experienced ill will on the part of their neighbors. It is only when the common religious heritage of Christians and Jews is revitalized and the principle of "love thy neighbor as yourself" is translated into actual living that a change may come about.

It is inspiring to know that it was Pope Pius XI who vigorously condemned group prejudice, saying "spiritually we are all Semites."

MOSES JUNG

American Jewish Committee,
New York

Fadiman: Opinion Molder

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

One of the greatest contributions that you have made to the present-day scene has been the publishing of "Clifton Fadiman, Esq." by John O'Connor, in the November issue of your magazine.

The subject of this fascinating and revealing article is, after all, another type of molder of public opinion, and it is good to see him for what he is. You have performed an inestimable service to readers of all mental ages.

May there be more of Mr. O'Connor's brilliant studies in forthcoming issues of THE SIGN.

WILLIAM A. FITZGERALD, Ph. D.
St. Louis, Mo.

Reader's Endorsement

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I suppose letters of this type must be a commonplace in your editorial life. But I believe that editors are human enough to get some satisfaction out of the fact that their time, talents, and hard work produce such excellent copy as THE SIGN uniformly gives its subscribers each month.

I have just completely finished reading your November issue, and when I say "reading," I mean just that, cover to cover. (If sometimes I casually look over "My Day," why not also "Woman to Woman," for a feminine slant on items in general?) In our home THE SIGN is Dad's until it is thoroughly gone over, at least at nights.

I wondered, after reading the piece on Dorothy Thompson, if you had sent a copy to the good lady. Obviously she would have been pleased that you had selected such a stylist as Father Kennedy to write it. His thinking is so objectively clear and his phrasing so facile, as to make one regret that he did not do your sketch on Pegler, instead of his lay namesake, John B., whose work was below par in spots when compared with John O'Brien or Lippmann or Leo Egan on Kaltenborn. I have been thinking on your choice of possible author for Winchell. I hope he ranks with Father Kennedy, O'Brien, and Egan in that order. The completed series would make an excellent pamphlet for study-club discussions. Why not publish it in that form?

Recently I have been scanning the Digests to see if any of them picked your recent article by Chaplain Flynn, the

finest thing that has appeared in print about our infancy since the war began. Apparently Catholic-toned articles do not impress our pagan-minded editorial boards in the United States. Too bad for the reading public at large.

"Dear Mother in Ireland," by James Shaw, was grand. It was a story to satisfy human-interest fans as well as those who prefer their fiction in climactic form. His was a beautiful blending of both. It is a good thing for your readers that the author did, not send his manuscript to *Collier's* as a one-page story. By the way, did Grandpa Casey get lost in Hollywood, or have the movies at last got on to Brassil Fitzgerald as a writer?

Thanks, dear Father, for your monthly literary treat to our family. For "Stage and Screen," its entertainment guide. For the "Sign Post," the greater knowledge of our holy faith it has given us. For the Passion articles, which have helped increase our appreciation of Christ's sufferings.

May your subscriber list grow in numbers, with few of your name plates ever consigned to your dead files!

Hartford, Conn.

J. C.

The Voice of Argentina

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

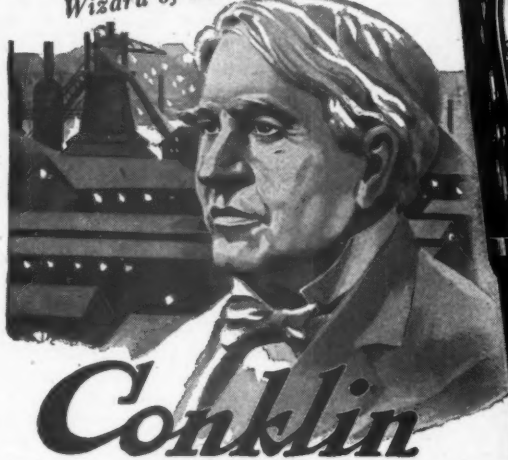
A constant reader of your excellent magazine and seeing you have treated the question of Argentina very fairly and wisely, I request a little space to convey through THE SIGN what Argentina has to say in defense of her attitude—an attitude that has provoked, as is well known, friction between her and Washington and severe criticism in a section of the American Press.

I will let the fair Señorita speak for herself—as I hear her through her press and leading, responsible spokesmen:

I really do not know what Tio (Uncle) Sam wants me to do next. I have faithfully complied with all my promised, signed agreements; my international conduct is irreproachable and not a single, concrete case against me can be cited or substantiated. If Tio finds himself in difficulties and seriously involved in this war, I am in no way to blame. Had Tio consulted me in time—half a century or more ago—I'd have given him advice such as would have averted the mess and plight he finds himself in today when the youth of his country is being sacrificed for ideals—noble and lofty, it is true—but of very doubtful realization in view of the opposing forces of greed and craftiness.

Not satisfied to stay at home and mind his own business and his own, wonderful, rich country, he sallied forth—disregarding the wise injunction of George Washington and got entangled abroad. It was Tio who invited and obliged Japan to line up and join Western Civilization—open

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up her country to trade, etc. How thoroughly "civilized," how good a pupil she eventually became was shown to his unpleasant amazement at Pearl Harbor.

It is now ancient history what Tio did to Mexico, the amputation of Colombia, the Nicaraguan affair, etc.—all prompted by imperialistic tendencies. He presided at Versailles in 1918 and sanctioned a peace treaty that was to brood a Hitler and provoke eventually the worst war in history. Tio refuses to recognize my government, saying it is pro-Nazi and totalitarian, but nevertheless he has as a bedfellow and ally the head of the greatest Fascist totalitarian system that has ever disgraced and outraged humanity—Joe Stalin! Why doesn't Tio shake his big stick at Joe and tell him to break off relations with Japan, hold free elections, etc., as he bids us poor weak South American countries?

Together with John Bull, Tio promulgated the Atlantic Charter—a splendid, lofty, welcome document. But it is already, apparently, relegated to oblivion. When promulgated, German propagandists dubbed it a huge joke. Judging by treatment meted out to me by Tio and his press it would appear that said propagandists were right. He and his press, lacking genuine, concrete evidence, go so far as to accuse me of potential misdeeds, —such as having occupied an island belonging to Uruguay, wanting to annex Bolivia, etc. The grossest of calumnies! The whole world is perfectly aware of my traditional well-behaved, lofty, peace-loving international conduct. When I did have friction years ago with a sister state I ceded claims in accordance with humanitarian, Christian ideals and precepts. We then—Chile and myself—gave the world an admirable example, which unfortunately it did not follow, by solemnly sealing a lasting peace and friendship by the erection on Andean heights of a statue to Christ, the "Prince of Peace." This notwithstanding, Tio sends me down Protestant Missionaries—well paid and equipped—to convert me to Christianity!

Notwithstanding all his foibles I am really, truly fond of old Tio, and am most anxious to please and co-operate with him in so far as I can, but I sternly object and refuse to allow him to come and dictate what I am to do in my own house. I know he is powerful, rich, of amazing energy and inventiveness, and that possibly he'd run my country better, more efficiently, more prosperously than I can; but all the same I prefer to be badly governed—if it came to that—by my own, than efficiently by Tio Sam or any foreigner. Get me?

Tio wishes me and my sister republics to line up and be one with him because, he says, America was treacherously attacked, that he is fighting for us, against voracious tyrants, for the safety of small nations,

for democracy, etc., that hence we are in duty bound to give him full support and aid. O.K. That's what I am doing to the best of my ability, to the limits deemed prudent and with safeguard to my birthright. Since he is fighting with all his might for us, for democracy, for lofty, noble, disinterested ideals, why doesn't he admit us to the inner circle, why doesn't he consult myself and sister Republics on the coming peace and postwar problems? Does he deem us beneath contempt, unfit to help tackle those big problems?

Thus far Señorita Argentina. May I, as an Irishman long resident in Argentina and a staunch friend and admirer of the U. S. A., add a word of advice to Washington and to the American press? Gentlemen: More tact, more care, more diplomacy in dealing with this people. It is a lovable, tractable people—peace loving, liberty loving, loyal—but it won't allow itself to be driven. Gently led, yes.

T. FLYNN

Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Thanks from a Missionary

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was a great pleasure to see a fresh issue of your magazine (June 1944). It was doubly welcome, for 'twas like meeting old friends. It was trebly welcome out here where we are out of humanity's reach.

I am writing to the subscriber who so kindly paid for sending me THE SIGN.

(Rev.) M. J. ROONEY, S.M.A.

Liberia, W. Africa

EDITORS' NOTE:

We receive a great number of requests from missionaries and chaplains with the armed forces for subscriptions to THE SIGN. We ask that our readers assist us in this matter. Chaplains are particularly anxious to secure subscriptions to Catholic magazines to offset the evil influence of many secular publications which are available to servicemen in too great an abundance.

We have a large number of applications for subscriptions on hand at present. Please send us the subscription price and we shall let you know to whom the magazine is sent as a result of your generosity.

"Molders of Opinion" Series

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I first borrowed a copy of the September 1944 issue of THE SIGN, and having borrowed two more copies I tonight read your editorial on "Molders of Opinion" in the June 1944 issue. It has been some years since I have come in contact with THE SIGN, and I want to tell you that it certainly has made great strides.

The series, "Molders of Opinion," fills one of the crying needs of the day, and it is my hope that when the series is completed and before any of these "Molders

of Opinion" dies or passes to other fields of endeavor, the series will be published in pamphlet form for general distribution.

With so much propaganda being hurled about these days, we need more than ever guideposts or "Signs" that will show us how to separate the wheat from the chaff. If a compilation of these articles was not contemplated, I would suggest that serious thought be given such publication.

J. EMMETT FITZGERALD

Corning, N. Y.

Graft in Unions

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I note your mentioning Westbrook Pegler in recent issues. I have been reading him for a long while, and I find him right to my thinking 90 per cent of the time. I do not think he condemns union men in general as much as he should and they deserve. He only goes after those at the head and top of unions.

Graft and blackmailing is not limited to a few heads of unions. It even extends down to the steward and men on the jobs. If an employer wants a man to do a particular job, he pays. If the contractor pays enough, he can do almost what he pleases. When unions were first forming, good, clean men objected to much of their doings, but it got so that if they didn't go along amicably they were manhandled at their meetings. So the rank and file quit objecting and just went along.

A peculiar thing—years ago when tradesmen were making \$2.00 to \$2.50 a day of ten hours, nearly all of them owned their own homes and were equal to merchants or professional men. How many own their homes now? How many raise and keep families as of yore? If the leaders now had their full fling, where would we land?

Pittsburgh, Pa.

F. E. M.

Overseas Admirer

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed please find a postal Money Order for \$6.40, as a small contribution for the Christmas Club. I am only sorry that the sum could not be enlarged.

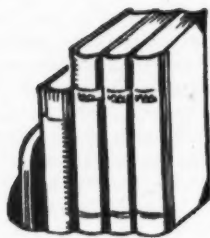
I like the Club Letter that appears regularly in THE SIGN. But then I like all the articles in the magazine. In fact, I read it from cover to cover. It seems to be THE SIGN habit.

It might interest you to know that when I was stationed at San Diego and used to give lectures to our company on current events, much of my information was gleaned from the competent and comprehensive articles appearing in your eminent magazine.

PVT. HENRY K. AKI, JR.

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Please order your books through THE SIGN



Books



THE REAL SOVIET RUSSIA

By David J. Dallin. 260 pages. Yale University Press. \$3.50

Dr. Dallin, while conceding that for the sake of diplomacy it is of advantage to Foreign Offices and State Departments to indulge in conventional praise of an ally, denies that molders of public opinion have the duty blindly to follow suit. It is up to them to scrutinize, analyze, and above all, tell the truth.

Now Russia is rather consistently lauded—too consistently for a prudent searcher of the truth. What is Soviet Russia really like? From what Dr. Dallin, a political exile from Russia, has to tell us, certainly Russia is a democracy only by token of being associated with democracies in war. The chapter on forced labor will be a shocking revelation to many Americans—it is the most brutal system of slavery the world has known. Yet it "is as essential to the Soviet economy as are the free workers, collectivized peasants, and state employees."

The policy of Russia toward religion, toward world revolution, toward internal Communism has not changed. Modifications, when made, have been merely expedient. "Russia at war is far removed from the picture of a land of nationalists and religious traditions so popular now."

And the future? Who knows? Russia has suffered and bled horribly. Will the people demand changes? "The whole world will be grateful to Russia for her help and her sacrifices in this war. But the Russia of the future will have no reason to be thankful to the Soviet Government of today for its specific methods of waging war and for its wartime foreign policy."

As an antidote for Soviet propaganda and as a source for authentic information, this book is without peer.

EDWARD R. WOODS

NETHERLANDS INDIA

By J. S. Furnivall. 527 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$4.00

This is a reprint of a book first published in England in 1938, the author being a British civil servant whose career was spent in Burma. He therefore brings to the study of the Dutch colonial system a valuable comparative knowledge. The book is primarily economic in outlook, but it also traces the administrative and social developments during the three hundred

years of the Dutch occupation. The first part deals with the early trading operations of the Dutch East India Company. Then we see the building up of the Culture System which led, in the first half of the nineteenth century, to the most iniquitous exploitation as well as to territorial expansion throughout Java and some of the outer islands. The so-called Liberal System which succeeded it merely replaced monopoly by individual enterprise, and it was not until about 1900 that under the Ethical System the Dutch began to attend to the welfare and education of the natives.

The serious student will find a mine of scholarly information, immensely detailed and carefully documented throughout, for the study of all these developments, especially those of the Ethical period to which the second half of the book is devoted. It is necessary to point out, however, that the author's attitude is that of a prewar civil servant, and he in no way deals with the problems and need of preparing the Indonesians for the self-government on which both native and world opinion insist. Nationalist movements are described in detail, but their significance for the future is scarcely recognized. And in describing his work as "a study in plural economy" the author indicates that he envisages no real change from the *status quo* in which European interests will continue to predominate.

H. G. QUARITCH WALES

UNTIL THEY EAT STONES

By Russell Brines. 340 pages. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.00

Russell Brines, who first went to the Pacific basin a decade ago as a newspaper reporter and subsequently worked in Japan, China, and the Philippines, has taken his title from a famous old Japanese phrase which translates into "We will fight until we eat stones!"

This, to the Japanese mind, does not signify resistance to war to the point of famine. It means, in Japan, that they will fight until every man, woman, and child lies face downward—dead. Official United States Government casualty reports indicate that the Japanese are living up to this slogan with shocking determination—275,000 killed in battle against only 7,000 taken prisoner in three years of warfare.

Mr. Brines, who was captured when Manila fell and was interned there and

later at Shanghai, tells the most striking and memorable story of the Japanese entry into the Philippine capital which I have yet seen in print. His chapter headed "Rule by Torture" should be read carefully by all Americans who have a sneaking suspicion that the story of the March of Batáan is largely faked propaganda designed to help sell Victory Bonds. His chapter on the crafty (and effective) methods which the Japanese use to create "hostage armies" in the areas which they conquered in the 100 days after Pearl Harbor should serve as an antidote to those optimists who believe that victory over Japan will be quick and easy of attainment after Germany has been defeated.

The author stresses the sound contention that the Japanese people must earn their own freedom from the bondage of a militaristic heritage; that the victors cannot "cram democracy down their throats," and that only a comprehensive system of re-education can give them the necessary mental equipment to break their own cocoon of feudalism.

The book argues cogently against a return to isolationism in American foreign policy, and urges that the United States should not permit the opportunity which the war has brought for the American Government to capture the confidence of the people of Asia.

Until They Eat Stones, on some of its pages, offers difficult reading—difficult because of the frankness and realism with which the author delineates the character and habits of the oriental enemy with whom we are locked in mortal combat. The book is not designed as a "shocker," but is a serious and very effective attempt to clarify many phases of the dilemma in which the peoples of America and of Europe now find themselves in the Far East, and should greatly assist in clear thinking about the equally difficult problems which will arise with the coming of victory.

HALLETT ABEND

CHINA TAKES HER PLACE

By Carl Crow. 282 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75

The fact that Mr. Crow lived in China for twenty-five years would not qualify him to write on China and the Chinese. Many foreigners have spent longer periods

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in that country, but they learned very little about China and its people. Their interests were limited to the confines of an international settlement. Not so Mr. Crow. He made it a point to know the place he looked upon as his home. His residence began in the closing days of the Manchu Dynasty, and he has been an interested and informed spectator of the events associated with the effort to establish a regime in conformity with the ideals of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

The story of this important period of Chinese history is not familiar to many Americans. We did not take much interest in the affairs of China until she was openly attacked by Japan. This interest has considerably intensified since we became a partner in the same war. The major fault with much of the information published in the American press about China is that it is written by men totally unfamiliar with the history and culture of that great country. Thus, a prominent American newspaper recently sent a man who had distinguished himself as its theatrical critic to write special reports from Chungking. As should have been foreseen, the results were not happy.

Mr. Crow tells a simple, straightforward story which is also sympathetic. He is objective in setting down the factual history of the Chinese struggle for national unity. At the same time he makes one appreciate the tremendous odds stacked against those who fought and still fight for this unity. He gives generous credit where credit is due, but he does not fail to call attention to shortcomings. The important thing is that there has been a steady forward movement in spite of internal difficulties and aggression from without.

As this review is being written, news from China is depressing. There is every evidence that a military and political crisis is in the making. What such an eventuality will mean for China we do not know, but we can be sure that a reading of *China Takes Her Place* will furnish an excellent background for the better understanding of whatever destiny may be China's in the immediate future.

GABRIEL GORMAN, C.P.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

By Joseph B. Ely. 250 pages. Bruce Humphries. \$2.00

In Massachusetts, ex-Governor Ely, Democrat, is noted for his championship of human rights, civil liberties, and opposition to New Deal encroachments on local government. Throughout the nation he will be remembered for his magnificent speech nominating Al Smith at Chicago in 1932.

The present book contains that speech and many others of the former Governor so interwoven with the text as to present an orderly survey of the political trends of the last decade and a half.

Mr. Ely sees America as gradually abandoning representative government, as gradually losing the individualism, the independence, the liberty that made the Jeffersonian "American Dream." He analyzes, weighs, recommends, and does so in a nontechnical style. What he writes is well worth pondering.

LOUISE SULLIVAN

ARMISTICE 1918

By Harry R. Rudin. 442 pages. Yale University Press. \$5.00

"The fact that the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, should be more celebrated than the signing of the Treaty of Versailles on June 28, 1919, is a monument to the simple truth that men find it easier to end a war than to make a peace"—a fact that is now becoming increasingly evident. Much has been written since the last war on its origins and much also on the making of peace. This is the first book in English to analyze the armistice itself, telling what was done, not what might or should have been done.

The conclusions reached in this abundantly documented work go contrary to many of the notions long current. E.g., the explosion of the "stab-in-the-back" legend and the assignment of blame to Ludendorff; the Fourteen Points of Wilson saved Germany from unconditional surrender and speeded the end of the war; the revolution was very real and not a front for the Kaiser; civilians appointed the Armistice Commission; the German Army was definitely defeated.

So much of this valuable work is pertinent to present conditions that its study becomes imperative for any who are involved in the duty of avoiding the mistakes of the past generation. Particularly should thought be given to our unconditional surrender formula and its effect. In the last war "the Fourteen Points had done their work well. Had the Germans been confronted by a demand for unconditional surrender in 1918, the war would not have ended in that year."

RAYMOND DURRELL

BATTLE REPORT

By Commander Walter Karig, U.S.N.R., and Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley, U.S.N.R. 499 pages. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50

Here is the record. It has been prepared from official sources and is the report of the U. S. Navy's operations in the Pacific from Pearl Harbor up to the Battle of the Coral Sea. They seem long ago, those dismal first days of war and defeat when Japan was barely challenged in her spread of empire. Subsequent official volumes will follow this. To them will belong the chronicle of brighter days. But to the pages of this book are consigned the events that took place in the days when we used to ask, "Where is the Navy?"

Every ship, no matter what its class, is

traced—what it did, where it was, what its fate. Every action is described and correlated with the over-all picture—something none of the personal-account war books could do.

There is a strange fascination in these pages in which the evidence is sifted and accuracy attained as far as possible. No comment or explanation is offered—the mere facts are given. For example, there is nothing to indicate the why of Pearl Harbor. The names of Kimmel and Short are not even mentioned.

The standard set by this first volume augurs well for its successors.

JAMES DENNEY

BRAVE MEN

By Ernie Pyle. 474 pages. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00

I don't suppose there is any other man in this war who has done more to bring just recognition to G.I. Joe, plain infantryman, than has Ernie Pyle. He's a sort of cross between poet laureate and uncommissioned publicity agent of this man's army, always most especially of the infantry. He's not a military analyst, nor does he bother with political trends. He simply tells about brave men who fight hard and live hard in front-line combat. If you read *Here Is Your War*, you'll know what this book is like. It's just a continuation, telling about funny, pathetic, little things said or done, about heroic big things men did in their stride, about the thoughts fighting men think, the suffering they have to take in the dirty business of war "which is compounded of fear and death and dirt and noise and anguish." Pyle just continues on where he left off in his last book, telling about our armed forces in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns, the invasion of eastern France up to the fall of Paris.

And when all is told, this man, whose readers are numbered in the millions, could write, "For me war has become a flat, black depression without highlights, a revulsion of the mind and an exhaustion of spirit. . . . I hope we can rejoice in victory—but humbly. The dead men would not want us to gloat."

Brave Men is a simple telling of facts about Americans in battle—and some of the facts are poignant, some are almost too great to be told.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

WHERE AWAY

By George Sessions Perry and Isabel Leighton. 249 pages. Whittlesey House. \$2.75

This book is dedicated "To the men who brought the *Marblehead* home and to those who couldn't." The *Marblehead*, light cruiser of the *Omaha* class, not modern enough for this war, was lying off the coast of Borneo on December 7, 1941. Her skipper brought her to Australia. In Northern Australian waters she did convoy duty, reconnaissance; made raids on Japanese

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landing parties. On February 4, she was attacked in the Java Sea. Bomb after bomb of the Japanese hit her. She was left in sinking condition. Yet crippled as she was, she made her way to Tjilatjap. Repair facilities there were not adequate, so battered as she was, she limped back to New York by way of the Indian Ocean and South Africa—one of the most remarkable feats in Naval History.

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ROLAND MYER

WAR IS MY PARISH

By Dorothy Fremont Grant. 184 pages. The Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.25

For those who wonder what chaplains are doing in the war, this collection of facts, anecdotes, and comments will give some idea of the work and the sacrifice of priests in uniform all over the world. This is no smoothly written account, but a terse, staccato barrage of names and deeds that will leave no doubt in the reader's mind of the place the chaplain holds in the armed forces. No Catholic who pages this slender volume can help but feel a thrill of pride in the achievements of these American priests.

GERTRUDE SLATER

SEVEN PILLARS OF PEACE

By Fulton J. Sheen. 112 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75

Seven Pillars of Peace is brilliantly scripted wisdom. In its preface Monsignor Sheen revives the words of Napoleon I after the Treaty of Amiens in 1802: "What a beautiful fix we are in now; peace has been declared." But peace may be declared with effortless ease. Its achievement is another story. Peace is made, and with wisdom and brave sacrifice. To men of sincerity and good will, Monsignor Sheen offers the following basic principles upon which to make a lasting peace. It would be well for the world and its leaders to read these declarations carefully. Otherwise peace councils will again be little more than the meetings of clever rogues pausing politely between brutalities of brawl.

There must first be a unity of all men of good will crusading for social purposes. A minority with an evil bent is organized. The high-minded, decent majority must unite.

The world needs to restore universal regard for the moral law and awareness of its author who is God. Authentic law is not the refuge of rogues. It is not some

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fluency which conveniently drifts with the times. It is not some supreme irresponsibility of court. It is reason discovering the designs of God.

The third pillar of peace is the pillar of property. Capitalism must be sustained. Yet labor has rights, too, and with these the right to property. To insure peace, however, there must be pitiless damnation of rampaging acquisitive instinct, whether the instinct be that of tycoon, labor leader, an insane parasite of bureaucracy, or the local pickpocket.

There must be restoration of the individual and realization of the sacredness of his personality. Man is not the toy of the state. He is not an instrument of production like a plow. He is the image of God. And the state exists to safeguard his life and his freedom to live decently.

The founding of a family is the personal adventure of a free man. It is one of the pillars of peace. It is the vital cell from which society and civilization evolve. Another pillar of peace is freedom, freedom to tell the truth, to serve God. And the final pillar is the pillar of world unity. Without the others this is but a fantastic mirage.

Monsignor Sheen ends on a note of grave warning. "A new crime arises in the world today; be prepared for it. The crime of being a Christian. The crime of believing in God." Indeed, he seems none too optimistic about a hearing. Yet with mastery and depth and competence he has set up Seven Pillars of Peace. No other has done this with such artful wisdom unless it be the Lord who said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

AUGUSTINE PATRICK MCCARTHY, C.P.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CATHEDRAL

By Robert Gordon Anderson. 496 pages. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.00

If the cathedral, at its technical best, represents the consummation of architectural engineering, then Mr. Anderson's book, from a purely technical standpoint, represents a no less amazing feat in its own sphere. In less capable hands it might have become an encyclopedia of curious historical facts and details of Church liturgy, so vast is its range of history, philosophy, religion, and art. But fortunately his biography of Notre Dame in Paris is saved from the lumbering tedium of the pedant by a quickening sense of dramatic incident, by a pertinent power of selection, by a leavening sense of humor, and by a felicity of imagination that paints into the austere outlines of fact the human tints not found in history texts.

Just as in the biography of a man, ancestors and prenatal influences are taken into account, so in this biography of a cathedral obscure beginnings are brought to light. The "family tree" of Notre Dame

took root in 52 B.C., when a Druid altar was fashioned by simple workmen on the Seine on the site where Notre Dame now stands, the fairest symbol in stone of man's relationship to God. And while Paris was changing its Druid altars to Roman temples in honor of Jupiter, a star arose in the East and on a hill was raised the Cross which, later as a cathedral, would replace Druid altar and Roman temple. Once the form of the cathedral was known: the Cross, the form of its drama must also be known: the liturgy of the Mass, and this the author has given with a grasp unexpected in a non-Catholic. Against the screen of history stretched from the pagan world of 52 B.C. through the Christianizing process down to the twentieth century, before, during, and since the completion of Notre Dame in the thirteenth century, is projected a series of fascinating moving pictures, bearing sometimes remotely and sometimes directly upon the central "character" of the book: the cathedral. Most notable among these human-interest pictures are the exquisite stories of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, the seldom-told tale of Stephen, the first martyr; the more familiar drama of Peter and of Paul; a sympathetic account of Attila the Hun; the tragedy of Julian the Apostate; the glory of St. Genevieve, St. Benedict, and St. Augustine; and a charming, poignant account of one of the great love stories of all time: Abelard and Heloise. When I have said this much I have only begun to scratch the surface where the treasure lies.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

By Franz Werfel. 252 pages. Philosophical Library. \$3.00

Discerning readers of *Embezzled Heaven* and of *The Song of Bernadette* have had healthy misgivings about the clarity and the consistency and the ultimate direction of their author's thinking. His latest work will serve chiefly to confirm, not to resolve, such misgivings.

If a theme may be distilled from what is sometimes just a potpourri of more or less interesting and often quite stimulating "jottings," Mr. Werfel's theme would seem to be just this: the sick world must return to God and His Christ if it is to regain health! For he writes: "I feel myself justified in the following view: this world that calls itself civilized can be spiritually healed only if it finds its way back to true Christianity." (Italics ours) But, dear reader, do not exult prematurely, if you believe that, thanks be to God's Grace, you possess "true Christianity." Mr. Werfel will not likely agree with you.

If you are a Jew, as he is, he offers you as justification for a turning to Christianity a "primeval affinity of blood and character." And he presents you also, believe it or not, with the statement that "the God of

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Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory, and for the support of those laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

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Abraham . . . became Man and died upon Golgotha." But, don't step up to the baptismal font, forthwith. A Jew who does "is a deserter in a threefold climax." He deserts "the side of the weak and persecuted." (Cannot a baptized Jew be anti-Anti-Semitic, Mr. Werfel? And is not such a one a Semite forever?) He deserts "from Israel's deepest origins, from Abraham, Isaac, Jacob." (Did not Jesus Christ "come not to destroy but to fulfill the Law and the Prophets", Mr. Werfel?) And, "in the third place, this Jew who goes to the baptismal font deserts Christ Himself, since he arbitrarily interrupts his historical suffering." (Mr. Werfel, did not Christ insist: "Unless a man is born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"?). Even if you believe Jesus Christ to be the "true, historically realized Messiah, and even the Son of God, baptism and conversion are inadequate." (Mr. Jew and Miss and Mrs. Jewess, your fellow-Jew leaves you in rather a bad way, doesn't he?)

If you are a Catholic, the least you can do is to pray for Mr. Werfel. Pray that, by God's Grace, he will not always be sure, as he says he is now, that he "does not belong at the side of the Redeemer, at any rate, *not yet and not here and now.*" (Italics ours.)

Jew, Protestant, Catholic, all ought always to be informed that Mr. Werfel has no authority of heaven or of earth or between heaven and earth to compile a lexicon of definable or of defined Christian and Catholic terms. His abuse of such sacrosanct language is almost habitual, frequently irritating, and sometimes dangerous.

But what, finally, is our author's refuge? It seems to be scarcely more than a pseudo-mystical aestheticism. He laments that "moments of liberating rapture are becoming more and more rare in the world." And out of the gloomy depths of his exile from *das Vaterland* and even, as it would seem, from most of humanity, Mr. Werfel seems to be chanting in a new key and without a conscious tone of pharisaism: "Thank God, I am not as the rest of men."

JOHN GERARD MCMENAMIN, C. P.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

By Fulton J. Sheen. 186 pages. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.75

Love One Another—an apt title for a thoroughly Christlike book. When re-establishing the brotherhood of man, our divine Saviour revealed His reasons. In this work, the author echoes these divine reasons convincingly and persuasively.

Especially nowadays—when the prospect of peace with justice is so dim—Msgr. Sheen's appeal is timely. Benevolent love or good will is emphasized as the sole guarantee against selfishness, dishonesty, and hatred. The volume is worth purchase

and perusal, if only for the author's telling indictment of selfishness as suicidal self-love. In an individual or among nations, a lack of diffusive good will argues a lack of goodness. Superficially, today's international tragedy is characterized as military, social, economic: fundamentally, it must be characterized as atheistic—hence the lack of superhuman, supernatural charity which must be sparked by the Divine Flame.

Woven into the pattern of his manifold thesis, the author has a refreshing discussion on the relationships that should obtain among divergent religious groups. Here and there we find a recurrence of material embodied from earlier publications, but the repetition is worthwhile, for in all probability neither the author nor anyone else will ever formulate these matters more eloquently.

ALOYSIUS MCDONOUGH, C. P.

RONSARD, HIS LIFE AND TIMES

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Coward-McCann and Sheed and Ward. \$3.50

This is a very brilliant portrait of one of the world's great lyric poets, alive and moving in all the colors of the world in which he lived. The author has known how to evoke the authentic magnificence of the time as expressed in a personality of singular vitality and charm. And he has known how to bring to life the individual genius with all the dreams and the struggles and the agonies that go to the making of a poet. Not a little of this is due to the tactful interspersing of biography and selections from his work presented like a chorus to the drama of his life. The result is that the book gives the delight of reading Ronsard as well as Lewis on Ronsard, and for that the biographer deserves the credit of his surrender to his subject.

But for the lover of both poetry and Renaissance, there is more here even than the exhilaration of one of the greatest representatives of both. There is much that is stimulating to one's meditations on the art of poetry in any age. That needlessly vexed problem of the relations of art and learning receives new light from the study of the development of a poet who was a great scholar in the Renaissance sense and who yet knew how to carry what he learned from the Greek and Roman poets into the creation of a French poetry for his age and for all time. And the novice who is afraid to take the first bloom off a green idea may read with profit of the ceaseless revisions of the most incandescent of lyrists, who even on his death bed fretted at the imperfection of the last verses that his failing breath shaped for the waiting secretary. For Ronsard had the great artist's passion for the perfection of every word that should give body to his inspiration.

We are indebted to Mr. Lewis for the breadth of context in which he views the discrepancies of Ronsard's characteristic

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combination of the paganism and the Christianity of his time, and discerns the human reality of both. One could wish he could approach his own time with something of that same breadth of comprehension of man's inconsistency. Not all of his incidental and parenthetical comparisons between Ronsard's time and ours would have such an almost sectarian atmosphere of rejection of the latter. Our time is quite as bad as Mr. Lewis thinks, but it is our time, and who shall say we may not yet redeem it? After all, it is a poet of our time, Humbert Wolfe, who so far, Mr. Lewis tells us, has come nearest to the English for the magic of Ronsard's "*Quand vous serez bien vieille*":

"When you are old, at evening candle-lit, beside the fire bending to your wool, read out my verse and murmur 'Ronsard writ this praise for me when I was beautiful.'"

HELEN C. WHITE.

CHRIST AND CAESAR

By Will Durant. 752 pages. Simon and Schuster \$5.00

This is a pretentious volume. The author takes us quickly, and with an air of science and authority, through the history of more than a thousand years—from the beginnings of Rome, through the origin, early development, and persecution of Christianity, to the triumph of the Church in the Empire of Constantine.

The last four chapters are of special interest to Christians. There the author gives us his ideas about Christ and Christianity. Durant shows himself to be a dilettante, who has been so fascinated by the aura of "science" and "modernity" attaching to the term "Higher Criticism" that he swallows whole the most fantastic, and at times conflicting, hypotheses of nineteenth-century German Rationalists and their disciples. The Gospel of John can't be considered in writing the history of Christ. It is simply the theological speculation of an unknown Christian who had come under the influence of Hellenistic philosophy. Christ was not born of a virgin, as Luke and Matthew assure us. His pretended miracles were "probably in most cases the result of suggestion, the influence of a strong and confident spirit upon impressionable souls." We are glibly told that we can't "yet set limits to the powers that lie potential in the thought and will of man." On one page we are authoritatively informed that "in Christ and Peter Christianity was Jewish; in Paul it became half-Greek; in Catholicism it became half-Roman; in Protestantism the Judaic element and emphasis was restored." On another page we are told that "Protestantism was the triumph of Paul over Peter." Finally, we are solemnly assured that "Christianity was the last great creation of the ancient pagan world."

What most exasperated this reviewer

is the smug manner with which Durant informs us that the fundamental Christian doctrines of the Redemptive Death and Resurrection of Christ are only Pauline adaptations of the myths of dying and rising gods current in paganism. To one who is familiar with the revolting cults of Attis and Dionysus, such a blasphemy is particularly offensive. When one reads Paul's indictment of paganism in the Epistle to the Romans this theory of Syncretism becomes ridiculous.

Catholics certainly may not read this book. It will undoubtedly weaken, if not destroy the faith of uncritical readers, who will be seduced by the author's pretended "scientific" method to accept at face value his bland and bold assertions. There is something incongruous in the recommendation of reviewers and editors that this book is the ideal Christmas gift.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C. P.

DEAR BABY

By William Saroyan. 117 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00

The trouble with most of what Saroyan writes is that it never quite gets anyplace. Sometimes lyrical language just goes around and around; gyrates really beautifully. Sometimes what he writes is awfully laden with a pathos that verges on the ridiculous.

But Saroyan has won fame. And that makes a difference. It allows him to be different. And so he writes, not holding a mirror up to life, but holding the mirror up to life as it is being lived and felt by Saroyan. His little soliloquies in this collection are very introspective and as illogical as the subconscious mind itself.

But then Saroyan is very young. One day, perhaps, when he has outgrown his role of boy philosopher and has really felt the meaning of life, he may do some excellent writing. This collection of twenty short stories, fables, sketches, and what-not shows he has the ability to write. They also show the brain that spun them still is very immature. Twenty years from now Saroyan may see the point and rather wish he could recall much of what he's published.

MICHAEL GLENN

REVIEWERS

HALLETT ABEND, author of *Treaty Ports, Ramparts of the Pacific, Pacific Charter*, etc., was a correspondent in the Far East for over a decade and a half.

REV. ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH C.P., author and lecturer, is professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass.

H. G. QUARITCH WALES, author of *Years of Blindness*, is Director of the Greater India Research Committee.

HELEN C. WHITE, Ph.D., Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, National President of the American Association of University Women, is the author of *Watch in the Night, Not Built With Hands*, etc.



Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

The Scarlet Lily by Edward F. Murphy

► Father Murphy takes it for granted that the sinful woman rescued by Christ from her accusers, the notorious woman who anointed His feet in Simon's house, and Mary Magdalene are one and the same. On this assumption, he proceeds to elaborate Magdalene's history.

He represents her as bereft of her infant brother and her mother during the Slaughter of the Innocents; as introduced to a life of easy virtue by a cousin in Magdala; as becoming a renowned, sought-after, and wealthy courtesan. After her meeting with Christ and His Mother, she changes, but is anxious that the Saviour be an earthly king. Full understanding of Him and His mission comes only with His crucifixion.

The Scarlet Lily does transport one to the first century. Its picture of Palestine at that time is credible. The characterization is more than competent, if not notably subtle. What is especially good is the communication of the people's feeling toward Christ. The power of the Saviour's presence is forcefully conveyed.

The history which Father Murphy has fabricated for Magdalene is plausible. However, although no violence is done the Gospel, this novel, like every novel embroidering on the spare, suggestive simplicity of the inspired text, shows that that very simplicity is more eloquent than the detailed contrivings of novelists, just as a great artist's few bold strokes tell one more about a subject than all the fussy minutiae of the lesser artist. The Magdalene of the Gospel, so briefly glimpsed, is a far more striking figure than this supposedly exhaustive portrait makes her.

The pseudo-scriptural style is, to say the least, fruity. Yet it has a certain overblown dignity and a kind of sonority. If there are going to be novels of this sort (and there is a place for them), Father Murphy's is more acceptable than most. (Bruce. \$2.25)

Captain from Castile by Samuel Shellabarger

► Here is a 633-page historical novel which one can never forget is a romantic

concoction, but which is cunningly wrought, charged with a respectable semblance of life, and capable of entertaining even the discriminating reader.

Pedro de Vargas, the stalwart, red-headed hero, is nineteen in 1518, the son of a proud Spanish family. Attracted to a dancer in a disreputable tavern, he regards the lovely daughter of a lordly neighbor as his feminine ideal. A serpentine enemy, Diego de Silva, denounces the De Vargas family to the Inquisition. This is the beginning of a strenuous career for Pedro, one involving duels, escapes, flight to the West Indies, marching with Cortes into Mexico, war with the Aztecs, return to Spain, near-ruin by the same De Silva, triumph over that villain, and final dedication to the new world.

Pedro, a character no more profoundly studied than any in the teeming, colorful assembly, is a likable person. His struggles with doubts about the Faith and with the flesh are sympathetically treated. His premarital relations with the dancer are more than hinted at. The Inquisition is luridly depicted, but the author says, "It did not represent the Catholic Church. Indeed, it represented the very reverse of Catholic, a peculiar Spanish development . . . a parasite repudiated by traditional Catholic thought then as well as since."

(Little, Brown. \$3.00)

The Bolinvars by Marguerite F. Bayliss

► The Bolinvars are Devereux and Bois Hugo, aristocratic young cousins living, respectively, in New Jersey and Virginia, in the opening years of the nineteenth century. They are both personable, rich, and superb horsemen. Bois Hugo is a painter of extraordinary originality and power.

When Bois Hugo's father dies, a wicked secretary, Pedro Flood, produces ostensible proof that that young man is not the heir to the estate, but that his cousin is. Answering the question raised by Flood, reconciling the cousins, and getting Bois Hugo married, require endless chapters of inching, repetitious talk. What gives the novel such distinction as it achieves is the



Dear Members:

I don't know how many other people you made happy this Christmas. You gave me reason to be very glad. Your letters brought the warmth and cheerfulness of your generous hearts here to the Mission office, and this job of being a beggar for the Missionaries in China lost its humdrum monotony. I consider it a very special privilege to be associated with you who are so unselfishly concerned with their welfare.

I am so grateful that I am impelled to say "Thanks" again, and I mean it with all my heart. I'll try to express it better by remembering your intentions in the Novena of Masses I am offering for the friends of the Missionaries during the Christmas octave.

Let's work hard during 1945, not only to put away the extra pennies, but to get somebody else interested in the Christmas Club. If each of you could get just one new member, the thousands of dollars the Club gave the Missionaries this year would be doubled next year. Please start looking right away for a new member. God bless you.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.

Dear Father: Please send me a Christmas bank and enroll me in your Christmas Club for Christ.

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knowledgeable treatment of horses, dogs, hunting, and racing, but of these one not a sportsman may tire. When the reader no longer remembers the chilly human figures in *The Bolinwars*, he may very well still delight in the hounds, the horses (especially Midshipman), and the rousing hunting of the Colfax fox which brings the book to a close. This 45-hour hunt is a set piece of merit. The book is written in a stilted style. No one (not even a dog, which, incidentally, ranks ahead of a Negro baby) comes into a room. Everyone "enters."

(Holt, \$3.00)

Sheila Lacey by Jean Lyttle

► Sheila Lacey is the youngest of a large Irish family living in poverty near Blarney Castle. The Lacey cottage is an unhappy place, for there is antagonism, even bitterness, between father and mother. Gifted with a mysterious insight, Sheila understands more about people and events (present and future) than does the ordinary mortal. She is discontented with her home, suffers at school, rebels against the priest's domination, longs to escape. To get an education, she enters a "seminary" for prospective nuns, but leaves after some months. She goes to London, gets a job as a dancer, is successful, marries a prosperous pervert, is soon widowed when he is murdered, goes back briefly to Ireland and finds it despicable, returns to England to do hospital work during the war, becomes interested in psychotherapy, helps, loves, and finally marries an American flier she chances to meet whose mother is Mexican.

Although betraying a hostility to Ireland and its Faith which is proportionate to her lack of understanding of both, the author does her best work in the pages devoted to Sheila's early life. Her novel becomes blurred, wordy, and tedious when she takes Sheila away from Blarney. Sheila is meant to be a most unusual character; actually she is preposterous and her story pretentiously dull.

(Creative Age, \$2.50)

Chedworth by R. C. Sherriff

► Like Sheila Lacey, Peggy Fortesque is a dancer in a London musical show. On the night of her debut in a solo part, an especially heavy bombing hits the theater district, the worst of it occurring, cursed spite, in the middle of her number. She draws strength from the attention of a tall, handsome RAF Wing Commander in the audience. They meet after the performance, and she learns that he is Sir Derek Chedworth, Bart., D.S.O., about to return to his ancestral home after being blinded in action. Peggy's kindness and gaiety appeal to him. He asks her to marry him. She does.

His home is a vast, imposing pile dominating a quiet village which has always

looked to the Chedworths for leading and largesse. But now the Chedworth fortune is gone, the place cannot support itself, and Peggy suggests that Sir Derek be sensible about bestowing bounty out of bankruptcy. He stiffly rejects any abandonment of the Chedworth tradition despite subtle pressure.

Part of the great estate is taken over for a bomber base. Americans are assigned to it. Their coming livens up the village, brings it prosperity, and alienates it from Sir Derek. A breezy young lieutenant from Kansas falls in love with Peggy, and she with him. When the Nazis raid the base, the sprawling house is destroyed and Sir Derek proves himself still a hero. Reunited, Peggy and Sir Derek tranquilly face a future rid of feudal vestiges—and Americans.

This anemic, conventional example of cinematic simplification and sociology is glibly told. It runs smoothly over the reader's consciousness like a trickle of water which makes no lasting impression. Mr. Sherriff, I understand, has been working for M-G-M. Could he have been writing with Walter Pidgeon (Sir Derek), Greer Garson (Peggy), and perhaps newcomer Van Johnson (the Kansas lieutenant) in mind?

(Macmillan, \$2.75)

It's Always Tomorrow by Robert St. John

► Mark this as Exhibit A to prove that Mr. St. John ought to stick to reporting. It is a febrile piece of fictional flimsy which takes an American war correspondent from Poland as the Nazis attack, through the Balkans, to Paris, and finally to London in the blitz. Intended to show the transformation of a casehardened newspaperman into a crusader for social justice, it shows no more than the utter incompetence of the author as a novelist. There is plenty of noise and motion, plenty of Nazi dirty work, plenty of drinking, plenty of palpitating passion, plenty of profanity, plenty of shrill indignation—all adding up to plenty of nothing.

Mr. St. John is strong for the "little people" (most patronizing of pats on the head), and he gives us slatherings of cockney, just as if Mr. Marquand had never written those acid pages on both in *So Little Time*. He is a bold practitioner of the strong-language variety of emphasis, using God's name to conceal his own feeble resources. And women! There is dark Yashna ("God, what a girl!") and blonde Polly ("God, but I felt dizzy!"). And exclamation points—whole pages look like pictures of picket fences.

No one denies that a greater measure of social justice must be achieved at once, but this sophomoric yelping jamboree is as little likely to usher in better days in life as it is to hasten them in the field of literature.

(Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

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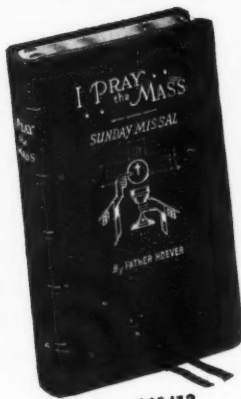
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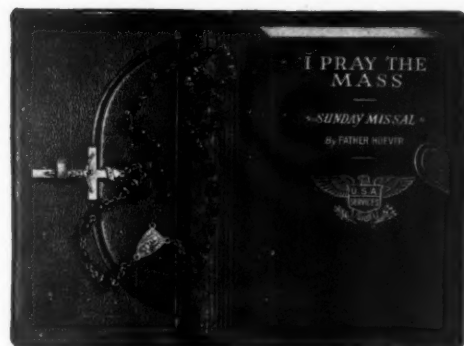
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PRAYER

on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus Christ, art most high, together with the Holy Spirit ✠ in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The Priest kisses the Altar, and, turning to the people, says:

P. The Lord be with you.
S. And with thy spirit.



At the right side of the Altar he says:

P. Let us pray.

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CLEANSE my heart and my lips,
O Almighty God, who didst
cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaiah
with a burning coal; and vouchsafe,
through Thy gracious mercy, so to

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